EVERY THURSDAY
PRICE 6d
No. 49—Dec. 23, 1967

Mandy

A request from Terry.

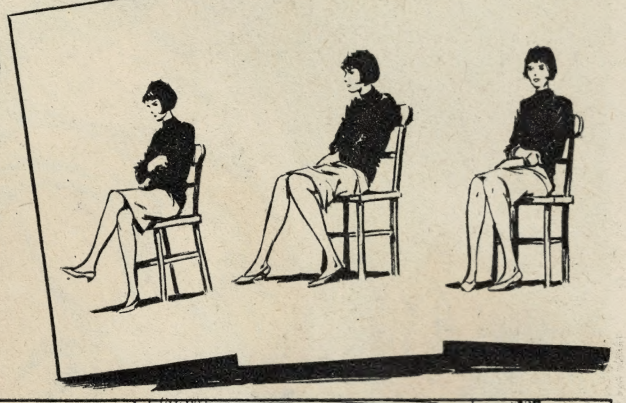
THE TESTS OF TERRY

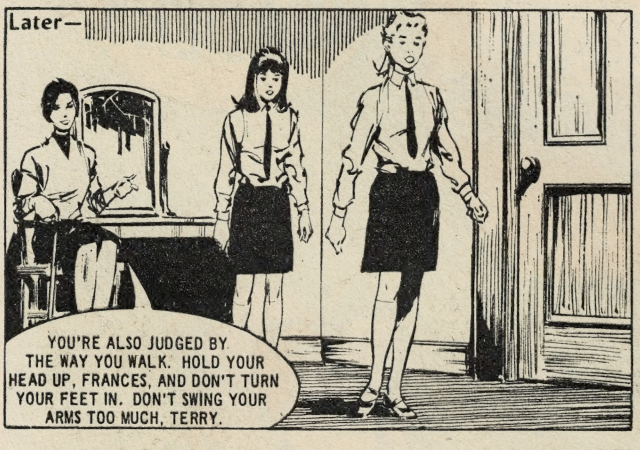
IN an approved school near Blacktoun, two girls were working for a Duke of Edinburgh Bronze Award. One was Terry Maxwell, unjustly sent to the school after being found guilty of stealing from a shop belonging to Mrs Livesey. The other was Frances Hodges. But the girls had enemies in the school—Teddie Barnes and Dusty Merton.

TRIM, SHAMPOO AND SET, MADAM? THIS IS THE "DESIGN FOR LIVING" PART, OF THE AWARD, MISS SELLORS.
I CAN SEE YOU'RE QUITE AN EXPERT ALREADY, TERRY.

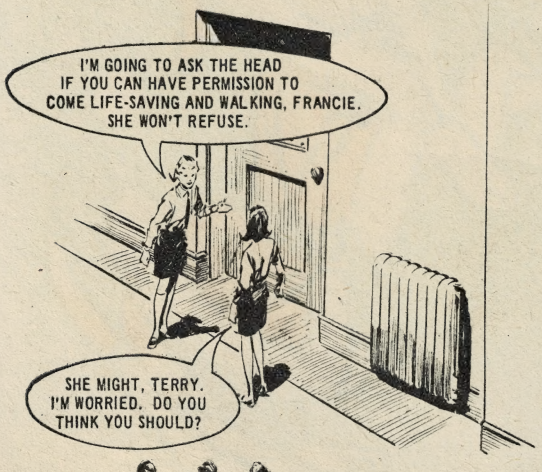
I'VE BEEN STUDYING THIS TO SEE HOW I CAN HELP YOU. I'LL DO THE SYLLABUS ON GOOD MANNERS WITH YOU.
THAT WOULD BE WONDERFUL. IT'S COMPULSORY IN THE "DESIGN FOR LIVING" SECTION.

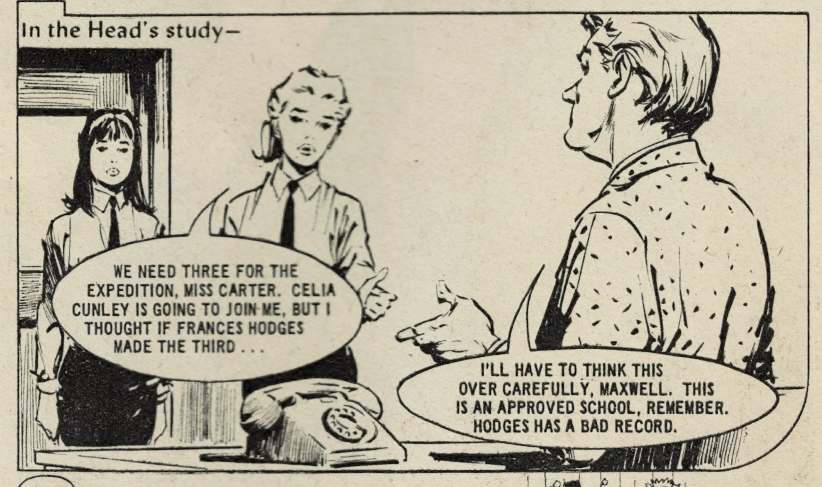
Kay Sellors started on posture while sitting. First she showed the girls how NOT to sit.



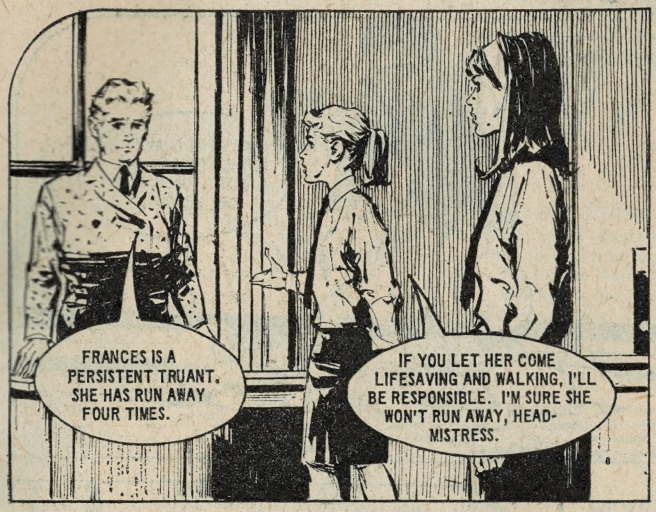

Later—
YOU'RE ALSO JUDGED BY THE WAY YOU WALK. HOLD YOUR HEAD UP, FRANCES, AND DON'T TURN YOUR FEET IN. DON'T SWING YOUR ARMS TOO MUCH, TERRY.

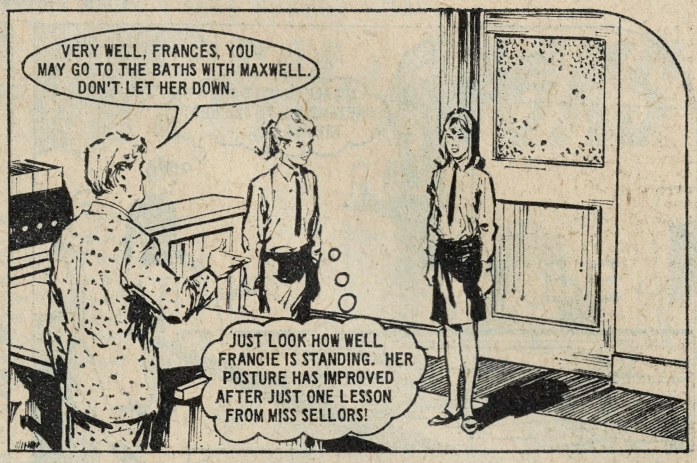
WELL, THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY. WE'LL DO CARE OF HANDS, FEET, SKIN AND TEETH NEXT TIME.
THANK YOU VERY MUCH, MISS SELLORS. WE LEARNED A LOT TODAY.


I'M GOING TO ASK THE HEAD IF YOU CAN HAVE PERMISSION TO COME LIFE-SAVING AND WALKING, FRANCIE. SHE WON'T REFUSE.
SHE MIGHT, TERRY. I'M WORRIED. DO YOU THINK YOU SHOULD?

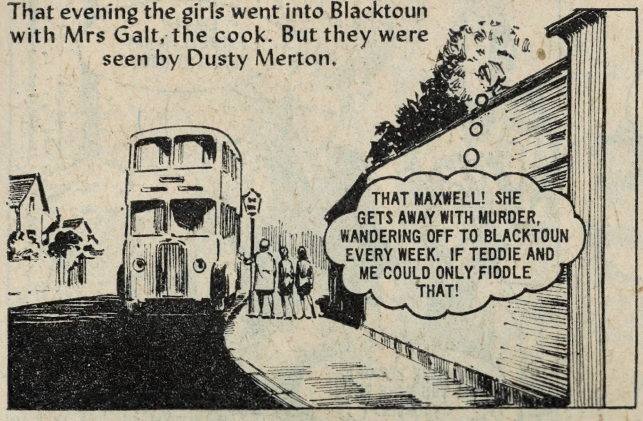

In the Head's study—
WE NEED THREE FOR THE EXPEDITION, MISS CARTER. CELIA CUNLEY IS GOING TO JOIN ME, BUT I THOUGHT IF FRANCES HODGES MADE THE THIRD . . .
I'LL HAVE TO THINK THIS OVER CAREFULLY, MAXWELL. THIS IS AN APPROVED SCHOOL, REMEMBER. HODGES HAS A BAD RECORD.

Miss Carter's decision.

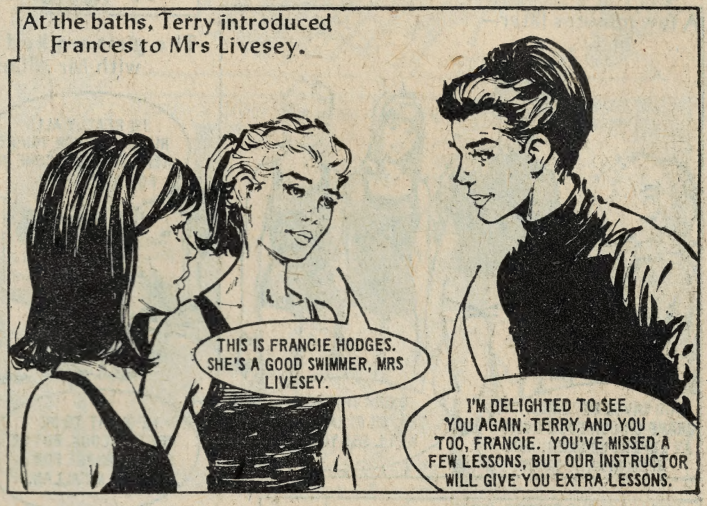

FRANCES IS A PERSISTENT TRUANT. SHE HAS RUN AWAY FOUR TIMES.
IF YOU LET HER COME LIFESAVING AND WALKING, I'LL BE RESPONSIBLE. I'M SURE SHE WON'T RUN AWAY, HEAD-MISTRESS.


VERY WELL, FRANCES, YOU MAY GO TO THE BATHS WITH MAXWELL. DON'T LET HER DOWN.
JUST LOOK HOW WELL FRANCIE IS STANDING. HER POSTURE HAS IMPROVED AFTER JUST ONE LESSON FROM MISS SELLORS!

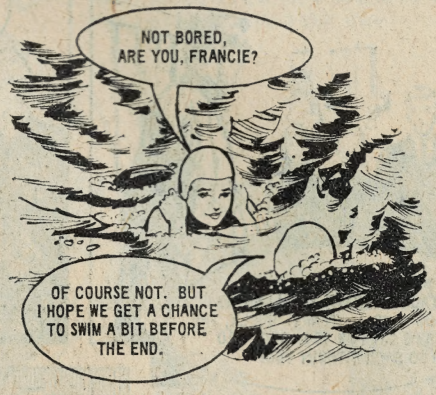
That evening the girls went into Blacktoun with Mrs Galt, the cook. But they were seen by Dusty Merton.



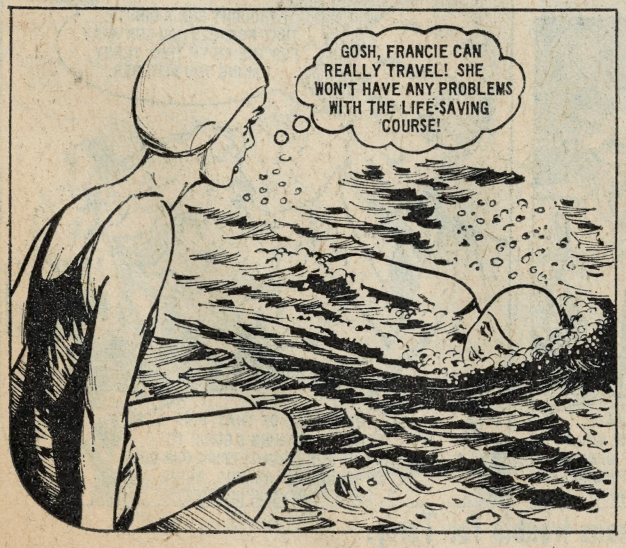
At the baths, Terry introduced Frances to Mrs Livesey.


THIS IS FRANCIE HODGES. SHE'S A GOOD SWIMMER, MRS LIVESEY.
I'M DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN, TERRY, AND YOU TOO, FRANCIE. YOU'VE MISSED A FEW LESSONS, BUT OUR INSTRUCTOR WILL GIVE YOU EXTRA LESSONS.

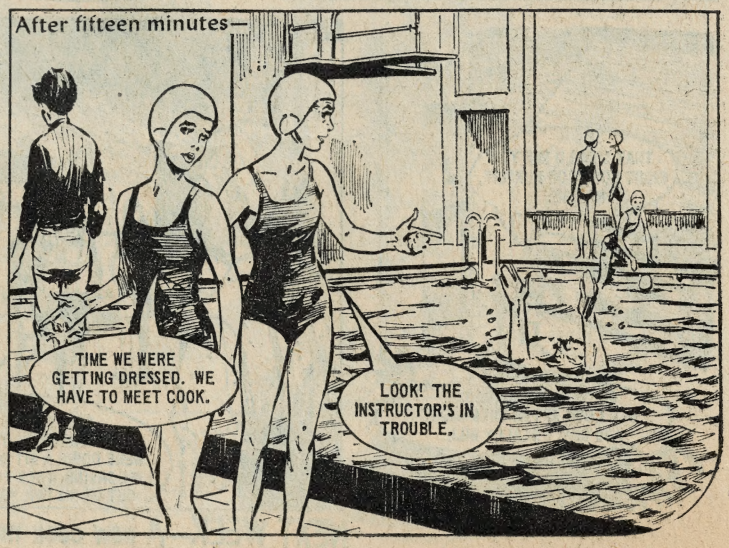
The girls worked at land drill for half an hour.



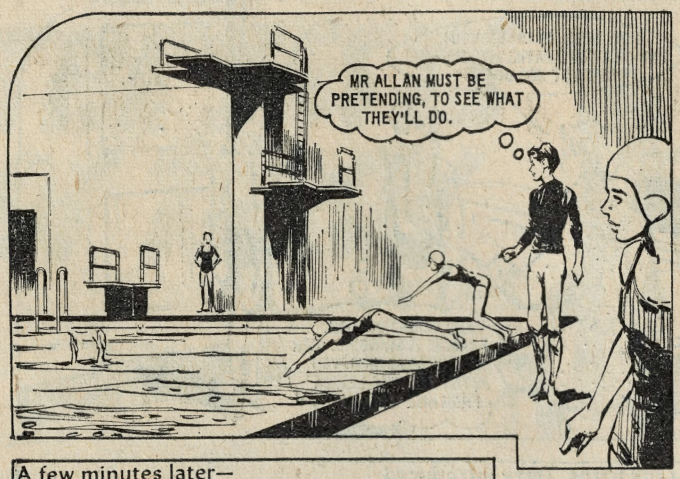
RIGHT, EVERYBODY, YOU CAN HAVE FIFTEEN MINUTES FREE SWIMMING. DO A BIT OF PRACTICE FOR THE LENGTH YOU WILL HAVE TO SWIM. I'M COMING IN FOR A DIP MYSELF.



After fifteen minutes—

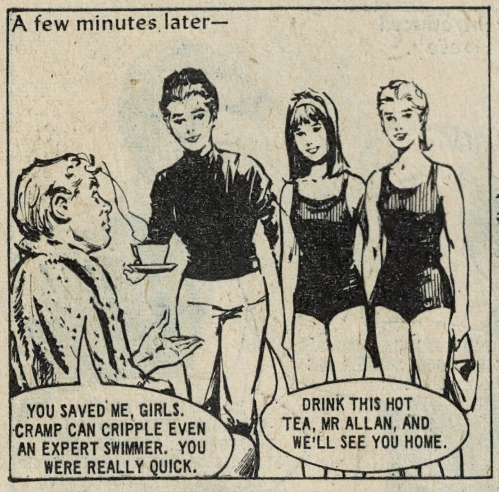


The emergency.



But Mr Allan was not pretending.

A few minutes later—

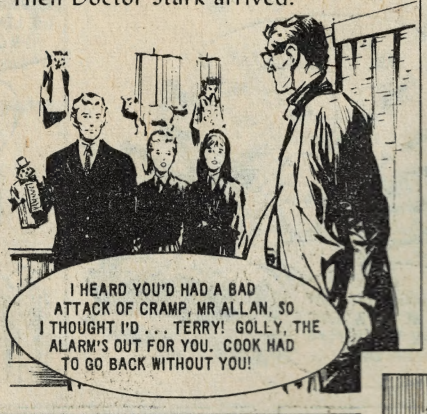

YOU SAVED ME, GIRLS. CRAMP CAN CRIPPLE EVEN AN EXPERT SWIMMER. YOU WERE REALLY QUICK.
DRINK THIS HOT TEA, MR ALLAN, AND WE'LL SEE YOU HOME.

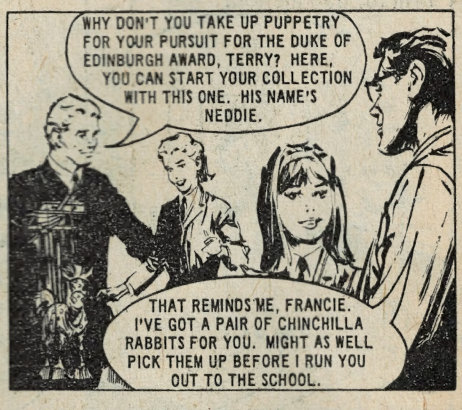
The girls walked home with Mr Allan.

I'M REALLY ALL RIGHT, BUT NOW YOU'RE HERE YOU MUST COME IN FOR A MINUTE.
WE OUGHT TO BE MEETING COOK, BUT WE COULD MANAGE FOR A MINUTE, MR ALLAN.

THIS IS A GLOVE PUPPET, QUITE EASY TO MAKE AND WORK WITH. PUNCH AND JUDY SHOWS ARE GLOVE PUPPETS.
IT'S THE ONES WITH STRINGS THAT REALLY FASCINATE ME!

Then Doctor Stark arrived.


I HEARD YOU'D HAD A BAD ATTACK OF CRAMP, MR ALLAN, SO I THOUGHT I'D . . . TERRY! GOLLY, THE ALARM'S OUT FOR YOU. COOK HAD TO GO BACK WITHOUT YOU!


WHY DON'T YOU TAKE UP PUPPETRY FOR YOUR PURSUIT FOR THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD, TERRY? HERE, YOU CAN START YOUR COLLECTION WITH THIS ONE. HIS NAME'S NEDDIE.
THAT REMINDS ME, FRANCIE. I'VE GOT A PAIR OF CHINCHILLA RABBITS FOR YOU. MIGHT AS WELL PICK THEM UP BEFORE I RUN YOU OUT TO THE SCHOOL.

Ten minutes later—

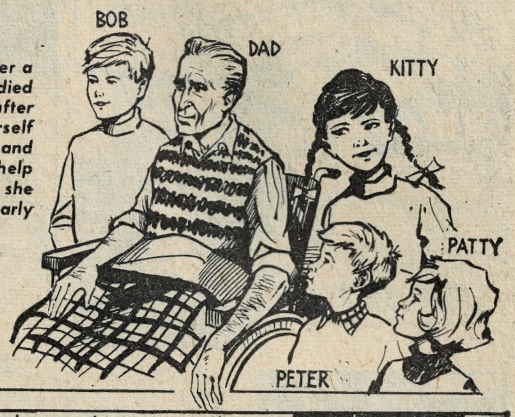
I THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE THAT FRANCES HAD RUN AWAY FOR THE FIFTH TIME, TERRY, TAKING YOU WITH HER.
NO CHANCE OF THAT, MISS CARTER. NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP US NOW FROM GETTING OUR DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARDS. WE'VE BOTH FOUND OUR INTERESTS!

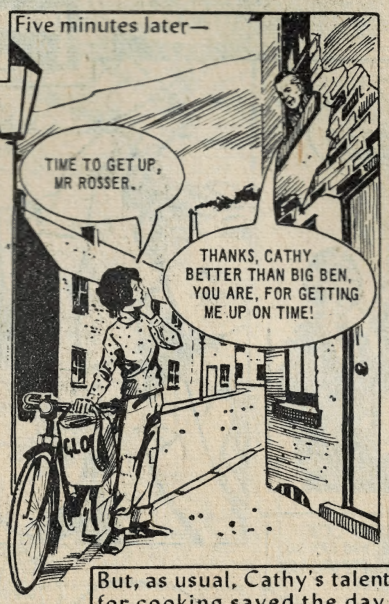
NEXT WEEK—A new cook means trouble for Terry.

Meet Cathy Cooke—the schoolgirl with a very special talent.

CATHY-QUEEN of COOKS

CATHY COOKE was a girl with never a spare moment. Since her mother died three years before, she had looked after the home, doing all the cleaning herself and taking care of her disabled father and her younger brothers and sisters. To help out the family's meagre income, she delivered papers and had to get up early every morning.





Cathy's great love was cooking.
THAT WAS A LOVELY MEAT PIE YOU BROUGHT ME YESTERDAY, CATHY. YOUR MUM WOULD HAVE BEEN REAL PROUD OF YOU, IF SHE'D TASTED IT.
IT WAS MUM WHO TAUGHT ME TO COOK, MRS MORECROFT. I'LL BE ROUND AGAIN, NEXT TIME I DO SOME BAKING.

But, as usual, Cathy's talent for cooking saved the day.
I'LL MIX IN THE TOP OF THE MILK TO MAKE THE EGGS GO FURTHER, AND MAKE SCRAMBLED EGGS ON TOAST.

A shattering experience in the cookery class.

HEYSTONE GIRLS' SCHOOL.
LATE AGAIN! WHAT WILL MISS BARKER SAY THIS TIME?
YOU'RE LATE, CATHY COOKE—THAT'S THREE TIMES THIS WEEK. WHERE'S YOUR HOMEWORK?
I—I HAVEN'T DONE IT, MISS. I HAD SOME OTHER JOBS TO DO LAST NIGHT, AND I WAS TIRED . . .
TOO TIRED? YOU'RE LAZY, YOU MEAN. YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE CLASS—GO TO YOUR PLACE!
I CAN'T TELL HER THE TRUTH—THAT I WAS UP TILL MIDNIGHT DOING THE HOUSEWORK. SHE MIGHT MAKE TROUBLE FOR DAD!
Later—
THIS IS SHOCKING WORK, CATHY COOKE. YOU'LL STAY IN AT LUNCH TIME AND DO IT ALL AGAIN. STAND IN THE CORNER, YOU DUNCE!
I WON'T LET HER MAKE ME CRY. I'LL WORK OUT A SUPER RECIPE FOR THE KIDS' TEA, WHILE I'M STANDING IN THE CORNER.
But at last came Cathy's favourite lesson—cookery.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO MAKE TODAY, JOAN?
LEMON SPONGE CAKE. IT'S A PITY MISS BARKER'S THE COOKERY TEACHER, CATHY. YOU'D GET TOP MARKS EVERY TIME, IF IT WASN'T FOR HER.
When they reached the cookery room—
TO MAKE UP FOR BEING LATE THIS MORNING, COOKE, YOU CAN DO ALL THAT WASHING-UP BEFORE YOU JOIN IN THE COOKERY LESSON.
OH, THAT'S NOT FAIR. MISS BARKER KNOWS I LOVE COOKING!
I'LL LISTEN CAREFULLY TO WHAT MISS BARKER SAYS, AND THEN MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO CATCH UP WITH THE REST OF THE CLASS.
THREE OUNCES OF CASTER SUGAR, FOUR OUNCES OF FLOUR, LEMON ESSENCE—
But Cathy should have paid more attention to the washing-up and less to Miss Barker.
OH DEAR!
YOU WRETCHED, SPITEFUL GIRL—YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE. YOU'LL PAY FOR THE DAMAGES—PERHAPS THAT WILL TEACH YOU A LESSON!
HOWEVER SHALL I FIND THE MONEY TO PAY FOR ALL THIS DAMAGE? MISS BARKER SAYS IT WILL COME TO OVER A POUND—WE CAN'T AFFORD THAT!
FLOUR

No marks for poor Cathy.

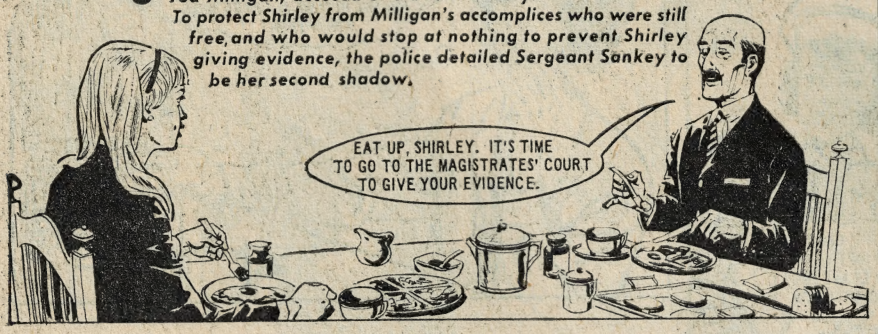
At last Cathy began her cookery lesson.
THE KIDS WILL ENJOY THIS CAKE WHEN I TAKE IT HOME. I WON'T LET MISS BARKER GET ME DOWN—AT LEAST SHE'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME A GOOD MARK FOR THIS LESSON.
ALL THE LEMON ESSENCE HAS GONE, BECAUSE I'M THE LAST IN THE CLASS TO WANT IT. NEVER MIND, I'LL MAKE DO WITH GINGER INSTEAD AND MIX IN SOME CHOPPED NUTS FOR A TREAT.
POWDERED GINGER
NUTS
And when the cakes were baked—
YOUR CAKE IS MUCH DARKER THAN THE OTHERS, COOKE. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO IT?
PLEASE, MISS, THERE WAS NO LEMON ESSENCE LEFT, SO I PUT IN GINGER AND CHOPPED NUTS. SHALL I CUT SOME FOR YOU TO TRY?
CERTAINLY NOT! YOU WERE TOLD TO MAKE A LEMON SPONGE, NOT A GINGER CAKE. NO MARKS!
OH, THAT'S NOT FAIR, CATHY. SHE DIDN'T EVEN TASTE IT!
But, at home, the ginger cake got full marks.
SMASHING, CATHY!
YES—I'M GLAD MISS HORRIBLE BARKER DIDN'T EAT A BIT. THERE'S ALL THE MORE FOR US!
As Cathy tidied the house—
WHAT'S THIS? A COOKING CONTEST AT THE GAS SHOWROOM ON SATURDAY...
QUEEN OF COOKS COMPETITION
IT'S THE FIRST LOCAL HEAT OF A NATION-WIDE COMPETITION—AND THE FIRST PRIZE IS FIVE POUNDS! THAT WOULD PAY FOR THE DAMAGE IN THE COOKERY CLASS!
Next day—
HERE'S THE ENTRY FORM FOR THE 'QUEEN OF COOKS' COMPETITION. I HOPE YOUR MUM IS LUCKY.
GO GAS
MUM WOULD HAVE WON IT—SHE WAS THE BEST COOK IN THE WORLD.
That night, before she went to sleep, Cathy turned over the pages of her mother's old recipe book.
APPLE AMBER... CHERRY TARTS... SPANISH OMELETTES... SHEPHERD'S PIE... WHATEVER HAPPENS, I'M GOING TO DO MY VERY BEST IN THE CONTEST ON SATURDAY. I MAY BE THE DUNCE OF THE CLASS AT LESSONS, BUT I'LL SHOW THEM I'M GOOD FOR SOMETHING!

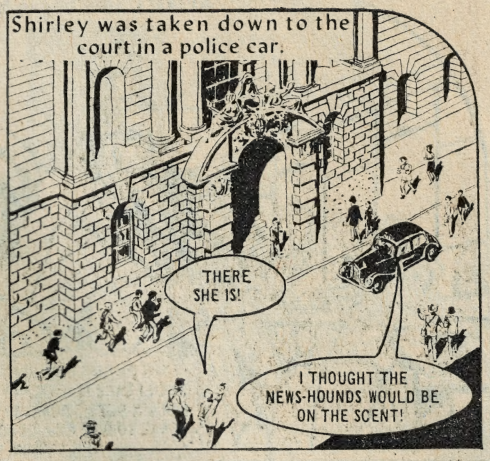
NEXT WEEK—Shocks for Cathy on the day of the contest.

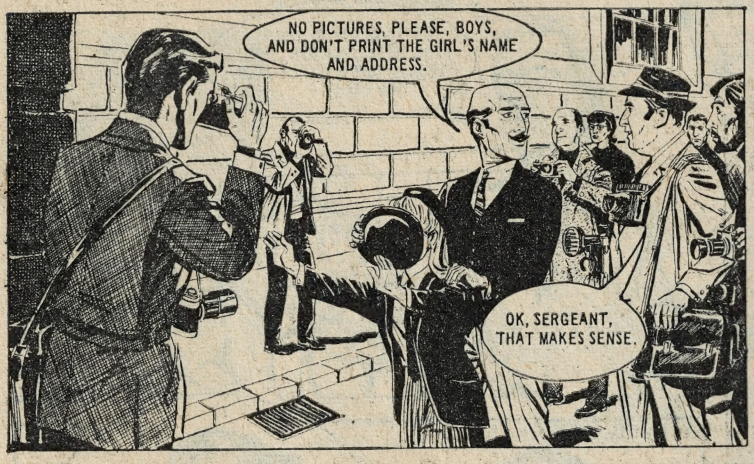
A coal-dust camouflage.

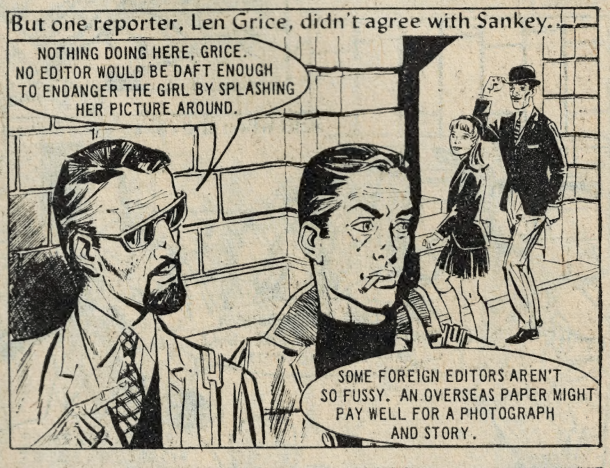
SHIRLEY and her SHADOW

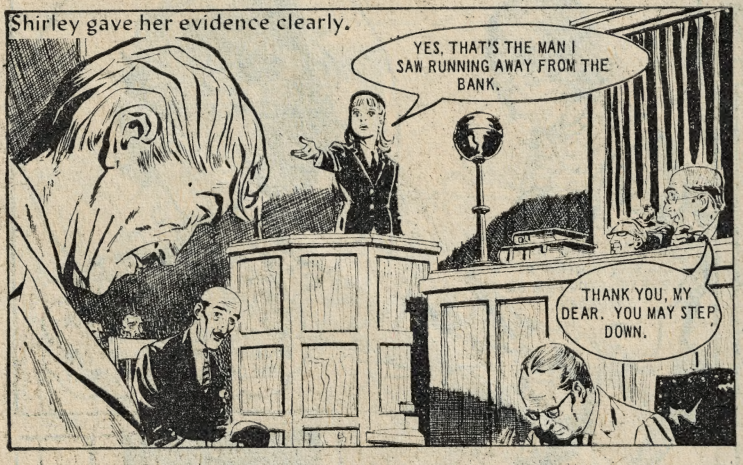
SHIRLEY BARTON was the only witness who could identify Tod Milligan, accused of a bank robbery. To protect Shirley from Milligan's accomplices who were still free, and who would stop at nothing to prevent Shirley giving evidence, the police detailed Sergeant Sankey to be her second shadow.

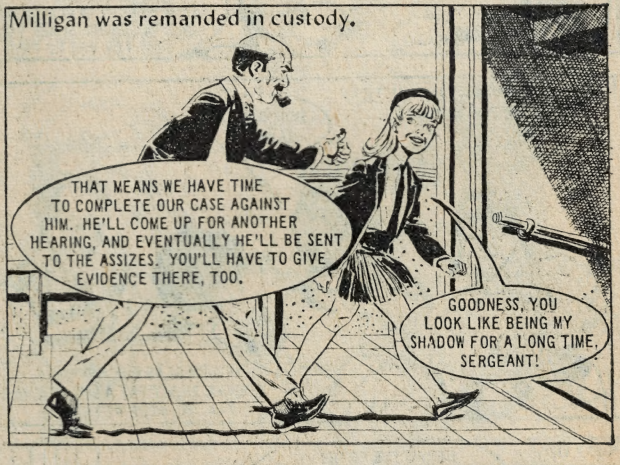


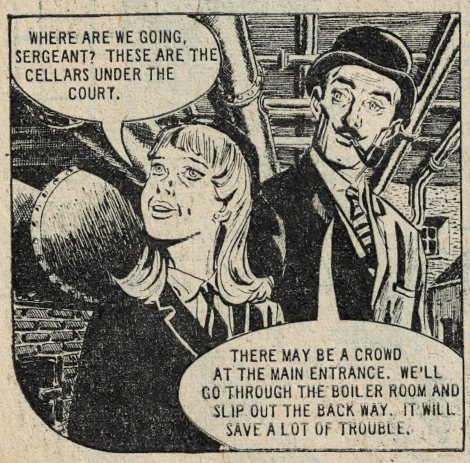





But one reporter, Len Grice, didn't agree with Sankey.
NOTHING DOING HERE, GRICE. NO EDITOR WOULD BE DAFT ENOUGH TO ENDANGER THE GIRL BY SPLASHING HER PICTURE AROUND.
SOME FOREIGN EDITORS AREN'T SO FUSSY. AN OVERSEAS PAPER MIGHT PAY WELL FOR A PHOTOGRAPH AND STORY.




Milligan was remanded in custody.
THAT MEANS WE HAVE TIME TO COMPLETE OUR CASE AGAINST HIM. HE'LL COME UP FOR ANOTHER HEARING, AND EVENTUALLY HE'LL BE SENT TO THE ASSIZES. YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE EVIDENCE THERE, TOO.
GOODNESS, YOU LOOK LIKE BEING MY SHADOW FOR A LONG TIME, SERGEANT!


WHERE ARE WE GOING, SERGEANT? THESE ARE THE CELLARS UNDER THE COURT.
THERE MAY BE A CROWD AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE. WE'LL GO THROUGH THE BOILER ROOM AND SLIP OUT THE BACK WAY. IT WILL SAVE A LOT OF TROUBLE.

But Len Grice had also thought of the back way out.
THAT SERGEANT SANKEY IS A WILY ONE. BUT NOT WILY ENOUGH FOR ME. THE GIRL WILL BE BEHIND HIM.

Caught by the camera.

GOOD JOB YOU TOLD ME TO RUB COAL DUST ON MY FACE, SERGEANT!
THAT PICTURE WON'T BE MUCH USE TO GRICE. I THOUGHT HE WASN'T TO BE TRUSTED. WE'LL GET YOU HOME TO YOUR PARENTS, AND YOU CAN GET READY FOR SCHOOL.
THERE'S A CAR FOLLOWING US, SARGE!
BRACE YOURSELF, SHIRLEY. LET'S HAVE AN EMERGENCY STOP, CONSTABLE!
The police driver jammed on his brakes—and Grice, in an attempt to stop a collision with the police car, skidded across the road.
Sergeant Sankey and the driver got out of the car.
WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT? LOOK AT MY CAR! AND I BUMPED MY NOSE!
WELL, WELL, MR GRICE AGAIN! YOU WEREN'T VERY ALERT, WERE YOU? BETTER NOTE HIS NAME, CONSTABLE. WE MIGHT HAVE TO CHARGE HIM WITH CARELESS DRIVING!
Sergeant Sankey got Shirley home without further incident.
I'VE TRIED TO DISCOURAGE GRICE, BUT HE'S PERSISTENT WHEN HE CAN SMELL MONEY. IT'S A FREE COUNTRY, SO I CAN'T FORBID HIM TO PHOTOGRAPH YOU, SHIRLEY. BUT WE'D BETTER BE PREPARED IN CASE HE TRIES AGAIN.
JUST TELL ME WHAT I HAVE TO DO, SERGEANT.
Later—
THERE SHE IS, ALL ALONE! THIS IS A PIECE OF CAKE! I CAN'T MISS THIS TIME!
SHE'S MOVED AWAY FROM THE WINDOW. I'LL HAVE TO CLIMB IN FOR A QUICK PICTURE.
HOUSEBREAKING, GRICE? TUT, TUT! MY TURN TO TAKE A PICTURE, I THINK!
SANKEY! OH, NO!
THIS IS A CAMERA THAT DEVELOPS PICTURES INSTANTLY. HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS ONE? IF THERE'S ANY MORE TROUBLE FROM YOU, I'LL SEND THE PICTURE TO YOUR EDITOR. HE WOULDN'T FANCY EMPLOYING A MAN WHO GOES IN FOR BREAKING AND ENTERING! SO I THINK YOU'D BETTER LEAVE, GRICE!
THAT'S TAKEN CARE OF HIM! BUT NOW IT'S TIME YOU WENT BACK TO SCHOOL, SHIRLEY. GET YOUR THINGS. I'M COMING WITH YOU!
OH, CRIKEY! THERE'S GOING TO BE FUN IN CLASS WITH ME AND MY SHADOW!

And Shirley is right as you'll find out—NEXT WEEK.

The Millers take a short cut—into trouble!

HOORAY FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

I SUPPOSE all good things have to end, but I was really sorry we'd come to the end of our grand tour of Europe. Mum, Dad, and I had taken our battered old car and a tent round France, Spain, and Italy, and here we were in the North of France heading for home.

We struck camp at dawn—and France can be awfully cold at five in the morning, even in the summer. Dad had worked it all out that we could get to Le Touquet, where we had booked the air ferry, by three o'clock in the afternoon if we kept up a steady pace and put in a good many miles before breakfast. Dad is so careful about these things.

Of course, Mum isn't careful at all. She's "arty," and the only arrangements she made for the return journey was to persuade Dad to stick to small roads because the fast French cars frightened her.

My job was to help load up the car after we'd taken down the tent. Mum packed the cases and Dad checked everything off on lists. By the time we'd left the camp we all felt as if we'd put in a full day's work already.

I managed to sneak a bite of buttered French roll before we left the camp, but Dad caught me.

"Debbie," he said (my name is Deborah Miller, but the family call me Debbie), "there's no time for eating now. We've booked a plane, remember?"

All the same, Dad knew I'd stuffed the rest of the roll up my sweater. He didn't really mind—it's just that he panics easily.

Once you're awake—it's fun being up that early. Everywhere was misty and dewy, and we drove through little towns where the first early risers were putting on the lights in their little houses, and a few Frenchmen were cycling to work. Everybody else was still asleep.

"We're making good time," Dad said. "Not much traffic on the roads at this hour. It's a good time to drive. We can stop for breakfast as soon as the sun's really up."

"Then I can take off my sweater and put on a T-shirt," I said. "Which suitcase are the shirts in, Mum?"

Mum gave a little squeak and looked anxiously at Dad. Dad knew Mum's look.

"All right," he said patiently, slowing down the car ready to stop. "What have we forgotten this time?"

"Just the washing," Mum said. "Last night I left it all soaking in one of the camp sinks—and I think it's still there. I'm afraid we'll have to go back—it's all our pyjamas and underclothes, and Debbie's T-shirt, and everything."

Dad didn't say a word more. He stopped the car, turned round down a side road and we went back to the camp. It was two hours later before we were back on the same road again—with loads of wet washing crammed into the boot of the car.

THAT CAR!

JUST when the sun had got well adjusted in the sky, everything suddenly darkened over and it started to rain.

It came steadily down and we knew we wouldn't be able to have a picnic breakfast in that sort of weather. Then a huge, grey car came swooshing past us at a good 80 m.p.h. and squirted grey mud all over the windscreen. Dad was furious. He stopped the car and leapt out to clean the mud off, and shook his fist down the road, although the car had disappeared minutes earlier.

"If only we had a new car instead of this old thing," he said, "we wouldn't have to leave the camp so early."

And then suddenly the rain started coming down in torrents so that Dad couldn't possibly see to drive at all.

"There's that car again!" I yelled suddenly, pointing out of the back window. "Look down that little cart track. If they can't drive in the rain—then I don't see why we should."

Dad stopped abruptly at the next gate to a field, just out of sight of the grey car. As soon as he switched off the

engine, the sun shone, so we decided to get out and have breakfast.

It was no good getting out a rug in that mud, so we stood around the car while Mum got out the calor gas to fry eggs. She had almost started cooking when the grey car drove past us, and Dad noticed it had a G.B. on the back.

"It's from England!" he cried. "And if it gets to Le Touquet before us, it'll take our booking at the airport when we miss it!" Dad often got bees in his bonnet like that. "Come on," he said. "We ought to get moving."

I thought Dad was crazy. Anyway—I didn't particularly want to be on time for our booking on the plane because I enjoyed camping too much. But we all packed up and decided to eat breakfast later with lunch.

"There it is," Dad said, pointing to a tiny grey spot at the end of the long, straight road. And then the spot grew bigger and bigger until finally we caught up with Dad's rival—to find the owners sitting at the side of the road eating breakfast.

"If they've stopped," Dad announced, "then we can. We'll turn down the next side lane."

We took the next turning and landed in a farmyard where chickens were squawking all around us. We couldn't turn round without running over a few, so Dad stopped, and as soon as he opened the door a pig grunted at him, and a dog came running out of the house, yapping madly.

The dog was followed by a nice, homely French farmer's wife, who asked us if we'd lost our way. It hadn't occurred to Dad till then that we had, and he looked so upset that the nice French woman asked us in to breakfast.

We certainly needed that breakfast—and it was the best one I'd ever eaten. Eggs and home-cured bacon, home-baked bread and dairy butter—it was like a feast. I practised my French on their daughter, who seemed to be about my age, and she practised her English on me. Neither of us was very good—but at least we swapped addresses and now I have a pen-friend and I hope I'll be going to see her one day.

The whole family saw us off, and they put us on the right road to Evreux and Rouen—which they said was the quickest way to Le Touquet. Dad was so happy he didn't remember about the plane leaving at three o'clock—but as soon as they mentioned Le Touquet he started to get frantic again.

LOST!

THERE was a cloud of dust, and squawking and yapping and barking and waving when we left—and Dad zoomed down their drive and on to the lane again.

"Good heavens, we've caught up with it!" Dad cheered, as we suddenly spotted a familiar grey car ahead, just as we reached Rouen.

I waved to the driver as we overtook them, and when they joined us at the traffic lights the man leaned out of his window and called, "You going to Le Touquet?"

"Yes!" Mum shouted back, and then the lights changed and we were off again.

"They're nice," I said.

"Be nicer still if they showed us how to get through this town," Dad answered. "Why aren't you two looking out for signposts?"

Half an hour later we were belting down a road when Mum and I called out together, "We're going the wrong way! This goes back to Evreux again!"

Poor Dad! We had to go back another mile before he could turn round.

We got through Rouen next time—somehow we hit it right at the roundabout.

Three hours later, we'd made it! Suddenly I realised we were coming in to the airport car park, and the clock over the terminal said ten to three.

"You're marvellous, Dad!" I cried, and I leaned over the seat to hug him, just as he was switching off the ignition and straightening himself out. "Oh, Dad! You got us here, with ten minutes to spare!"

There were quite a lot of cars there, and inside there seemed to be loads of people. Dad found a reception desk and rushed over to it, brandishing our passports.

"We've booked for the three o'clock," he said. "We're in time, aren't we?"

The receptionist said, "Booked, sir? There's no need to book at Le Touquet. If a car's waiting, it can go on the next plane—there's normally only half an hour's wait before the next one."

Dad looked crestfallen.

"But there are a lot of people here," he said, not knowing what else to say.

"I'm sorry, sir," the receptionist answered. "There's a bad fog over the channel. Some of these people have been here since this morning. We don't expect it to lift for another six hours."

Dad looked at her, stunned.

"You mean we needn't have belted here like madmen. You mean we've got at least six hour's wait now—after all that rushing—for a plane!"

"More than that, sir. It's first come first served, and some of these people have been here since——"

But Dad had turned away—deflated. He just looked at Mum and I with a sad look in his eyes.

"We may as well start by having a good meal," he said.

"And then we can send off all the postcards we forgot to write in Spain and Italy," Mum said.

"And I'll write to my new pen-friend," I said. "Wonder if she'll invite me to France at Christmas?"

"I expect we'll still be waiting for a plane by Christmas," Dad said dismally. "I'm tired. We needn't have got up at five after all."

"That reminds me," Mum said. "I feel sure there's something else I left at that camping site——"

Yes, looking back on it now—it was a FAB holiday!

THE END

A DOUBLE TREAT IN STORE FOR YOU!

SIGHT-SEEING tours in the wilds of Africa—that's the exciting job of two young girls who own "THE JUNGLE BUS."

JUDY JORDAN wants her pony, Bunch, to be a show-jumper—but Bunch has other ideas! Don't miss the hilarious adventures of "BUNCH AND JUDY"—

THEY BOTH START IN "MANDY" NEXT WEEK

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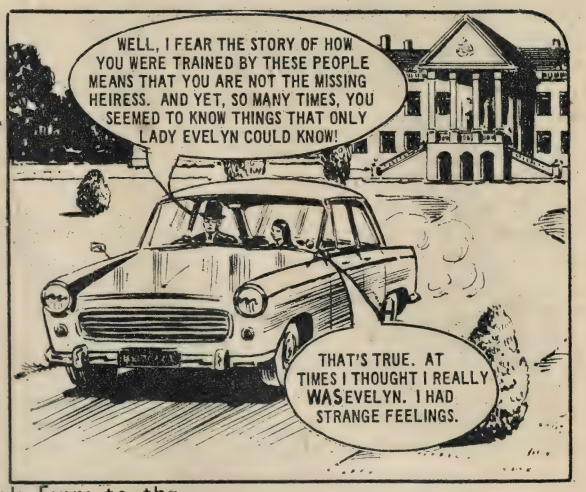
A new home brings fresh misery for Evvy.

THE RIDDLE OF

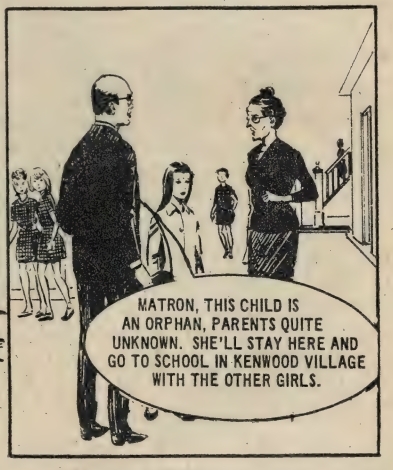
THE LOST HEIRESS

EVVY COLLINS had been bought from a fair by Joe and Bertha Castin, caretakers of Kenwood Hall. They had succeeded in passing Evvy off as the missing Lady Evelyn Kenwood, but Evvy, unable to live a lie any longer, had told Mr Sedley, the family lawyer, of the Castins' plot, and how they had been helped by a rascally fairground man, Jed Collins.


WELL, I FEAR THE STORY OF HOW YOU WERE TRAINED BY THESE PEOPLE MEANS THAT YOU ARE NOT THE MISSING HEIRESS. AND YET, SO MANY TIMES, YOU SEEMED TO KNOW THINGS THAT ONLY LADY EVELYN COULD KNOW!
THAT'S TRUE. AT TIMES I THOUGHT I REALLY WAS EVELYN. I HAD STRANGE FEELINGS.

Mr Sedley took Evvy to the Kenwood Orphanage—

THERE WAS ONE LAST THING WHICH WOULD HAVE ESTABLISHED YOU BEYOND DOUBT AS LADY EVELYN, BUT YOU'VE SHOWN NO SIGN OF KNOWING ABOUT IT. WELL, HERE WE ARE!


MATRON, THIS CHILD IS AN ORPHAN, PARENTS QUITE UNKNOWN. SHE'LL STAY HERE AND GO TO SCHOOL IN KENWOOD VILLAGE WITH THE OTHER GIRLS.

When the lawyer had gone—

NOW, COLLINS, WE KNOW YOU FOR A LIAR, AND A RASCAL WHO IMPERSONATED A POOR DEAD GIRL. WE HAVE A SHARP WAY WITH LIARS IN HERE, COLLINS, AS YOU'LL FIND OUT.
THE MATRON IS HOSTILE TO ME ALREADY!

Evvy found that her story had leaked out.

LITTLE LADY EVELYN, SHE IS! A REAL SNOB, SHE IS!
WILL MY LADY CARE TO DINE AT EIGHT AFTER MY LADY HAS TRIED ON HER TEN NEW DRESSES? HA, HA!

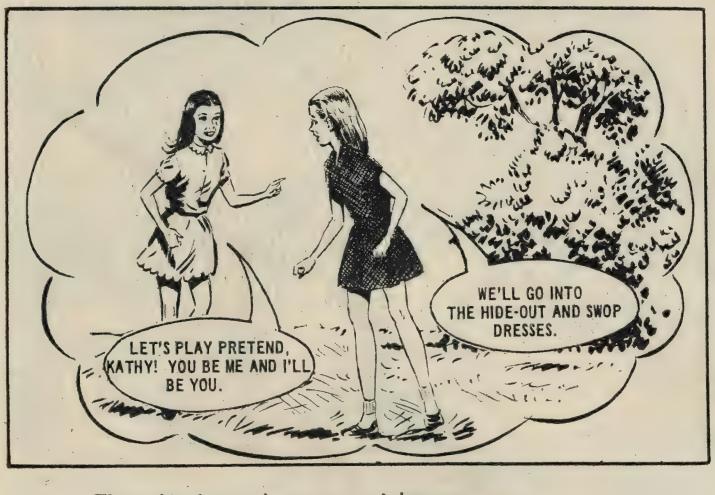
Evvy got most of the dirty jobs to do.

Evvy runs away!

After a week of misery—
THERE'S THE RIVER KEN. IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN BETTER IF I'D DROWNED IN IT INSTEAD OF BEING RESCUED BY OLD DAN. I CAN'T STAND THIS PLACE ANY MORE, ANYWAY!
So, on the eve of the trial of the Castins and Jed Collins, Evvy ran away from the Orphanage—
It took Evvy a week to find Merina's Fair where she had worked before the Castins found her.
WHY, IT'S YOUNG EVVY, OLD DAN'S KID! HOW WAS IT, BEING A LADY?
SIGNOR MERINA, CAN I PLEASE HAVE A JOB WITH THE FAIR AGAIN? I'LL DO ANYTHING.
DID YOU KNOW THE TRIAL HAS JUST FINISHED? JED GOT SEVEN YEARS IN JAIL, AND THE CASTINS GOT TEN YEARS IN JAIL! YOU CAN HAVE OLD DAN'S HOOPLA STALL AND HIS CARAVAN BACK.
IT'S MORE THAN I DARED HOPE FOR.
ROLL UP, ROLL UP! FIVE RINGS FOR A SHILLING! WIN A GOLD WATCH!!
LOOK!
IT'S THE THREE I CLAIMED AS COUSINS—MERYL, JON AND YOUNG WALTER.
THE GYPSY'S BACK WITH HER STALL AGAIN. WHERE SHE BELONGS! IT'S A PITY SHE WAS TOO YOUNG TO GO TO JAIL FOR TEN YEARS!
I'LL HAVE A GO, EVVY. I'M STILL SURE YOU'RE MY COUSIN, YOU KNOW!
PRIZE
THANKS, WALTER. HAVE A FREE SHOT AS A PRESENT!
OH, GOODY, I'VE WON A VALUABLE BROOCH!
A CAMEO BROOCH! TRASH! WORTH ABOUT TWO SHILLINGS, I SHOULD GUESS!
GOODBYE, WALTER.
SO LONG, COUSIN EVVY! IT'S A SUPER BROOCH. I'LL GIVE IT TO MUMMY. MAYBE I'LL COME BACK AND JOIN THE FAIR, TOO!

The clue from a dream of long ago.

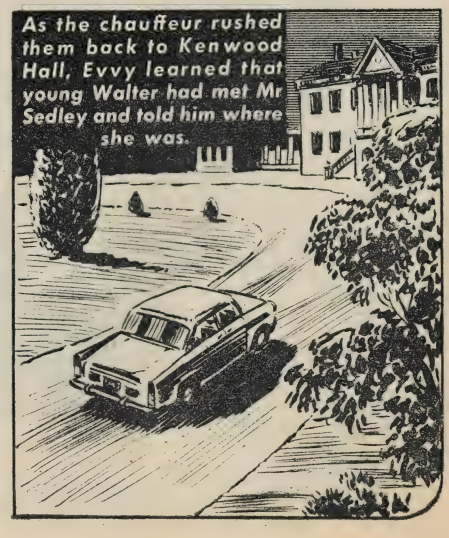
OH,DEAR, I'M SO TIRED. I'M GLAD YOUNG WALTER WON SOMETHING. I'LL PROBABLY NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN. JON LOOKED SO TRIUMPHANT AND HORRID. HE ALWAYS HATED ME . . .



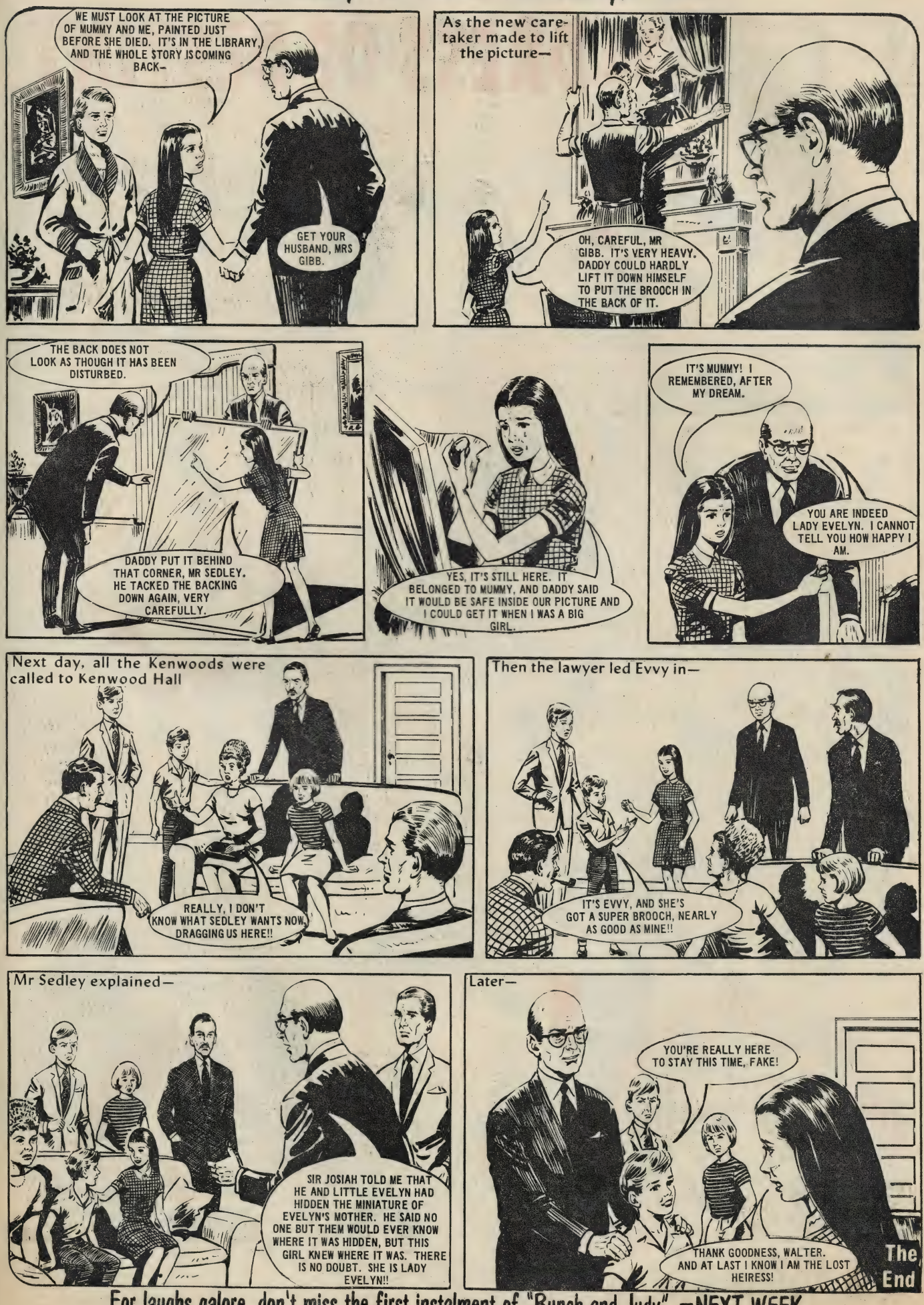
RIGHT! NOW I'M LADY EVELYN, AND YOU ARE MY GARDENER'S GRAND-DAUGHTER. PUSH ME ON THE SWING AT ONCE, DO YOU HEAR?
AT ONCE, ME LADY. RIGHT AWAY, ME LADY!

OH, MR SEDLEY, I DREAMED ALL ABOUT IT! I WAS DROWNING AGAIN, WITH POOR KATHY, AND MR WALLACE WAS TRYING TO SAVE US.
THERE, THERE, EVELYN! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW!

BUT I'VE REMEMBERED SOMETHING ELSE. WALTER WAS HERE EARLIER TONIGHT AND WON A CAMEO BROOCH. I REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT ANOTHER BROOCH. PLEASE—TAKE ME TO KENWOOD HALL!
THIS IS MOST IMPORTANT. LET'S GO!


As the chauffeur rushed them back to Kenwood Hall, Evvy learned that young Walter had met Mr Sedley and told him where she was.

Evvy discovers her true identity!

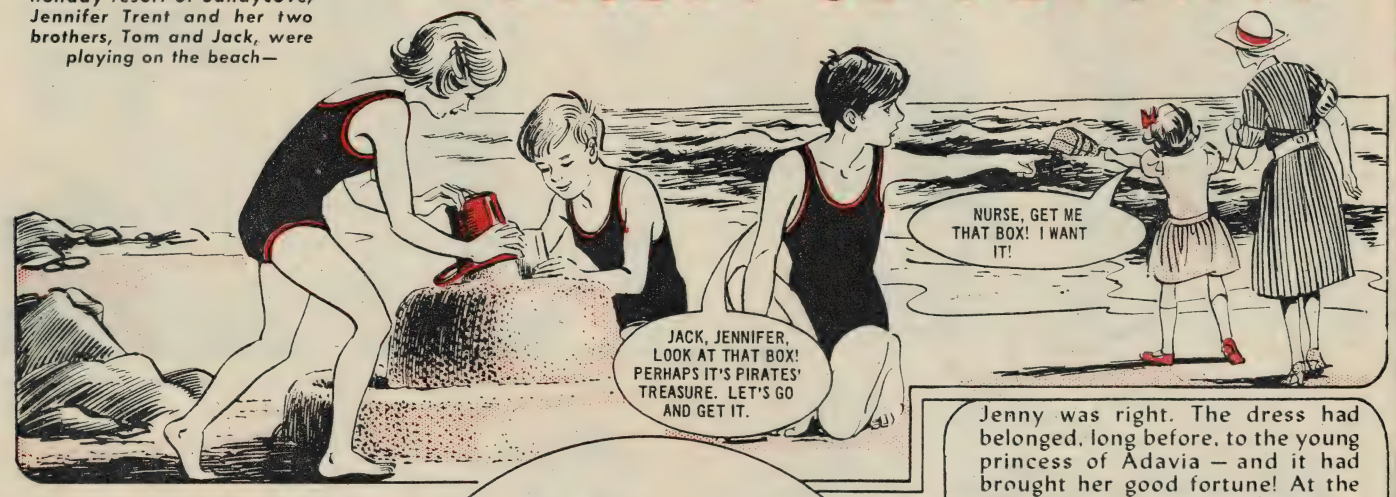

WE MUST LOOK AT THE PICTURE OF MUMMY AND ME, PAINTED JUST BEFORE SHE DIED. IT'S IN THE LIBRARY, AND THE WHOLE STORY IS COMING BACK—
GET YOUR HUSBAND, MRS GIBB.
As the new care-taker made to lift the picture—
OH, CAREFUL, MR GIBB. IT'S VERY HEAVY. DADDY COULD HARDLY LIFT IT DOWN HIMSELF TO PUT THE BROOCH IN THE BACK OF IT.
THE BACK DOES NOT LOOK AS THOUGH IT HAS BEEN DISTURBED.
DADDY PUT IT BEHIND THAT CORNER, MR SEDLEY. HE TACKED THE BACKING DOWN AGAIN, VERY CAREFULLY.
YES, IT'S STILL HERE. IT BELONGED TO MUMMY, AND DADDY SAID IT WOULD BE SAFE INSIDE OUR PICTURE AND I COULD GET IT WHEN I WAS A BIG GIRL.
IT'S MUMMY! I REMEMBERED, AFTER MY DREAM.
YOU ARE INDEED LADY EVELYN. I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW HAPPY I AM.
Next day, all the Kenwoods were called to Kenwood Hall
REALLY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT SEDLEY WANTS NOW, DRAGGING US HERE!!
Then the lawyer led Evvy in—
IT'S EVVY, AND SHE'S GOT A SUPER BROOCH, NEARLY AS GOOD AS MINE!!
Mr Sedley explained—
SIR JOSIAH TOLD ME THAT HE AND LITTLE EVELYN HAD HIDDEN THE MINIATURE OF EVELYN'S MOTHER. HE SAID NO ONE BUT THEM WOULD EVER KNOW WHERE IT WAS HIDDEN, BUT THIS GIRL KNEW WHERE IT WAS. THERE IS NO DOUBT. SHE IS LADY EVELYN!!
Later—
YOU'RE REALLY HERE TO STAY THIS TIME, FAKE!
THANK GOODNESS, WALTER. AND AT LAST I KNOW I AM THE LOST HEIRESS!
The End

For laughs galore, don't miss the first instalment of "Bunch and Judy" —NEXT WEEK.

Can the magic dress help a poor English family?

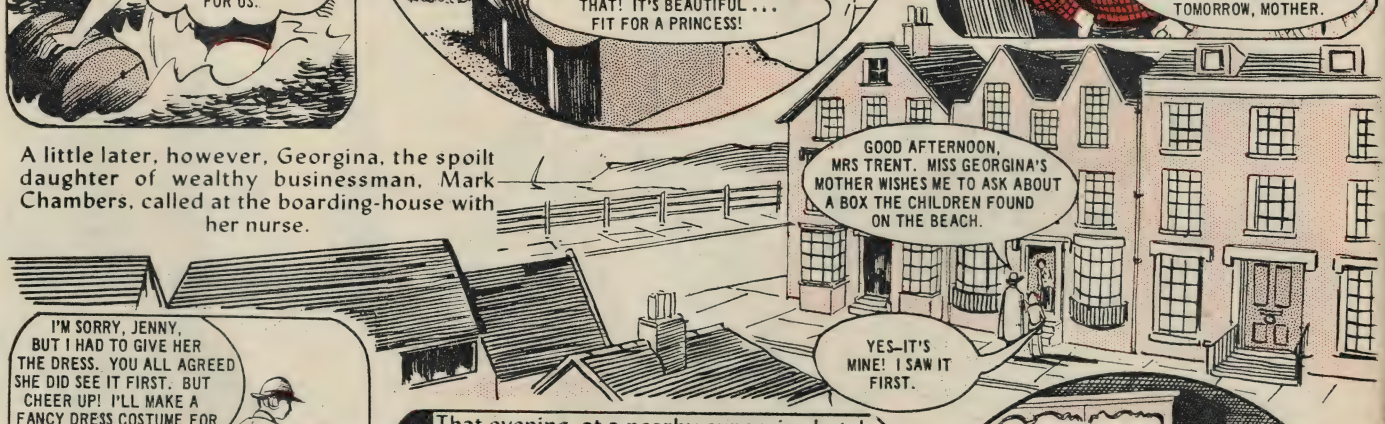
THE DRESS OF DESTINY

LONG ago, in a far-away country, a box had been cast out to sea. Many years later—in 1930—at the English holiday resort of Sandycove, Jennifer Trent and her two brothers, Tom and Jack, were playing on the beach—



Jenny was right. The dress had belonged, long before, to the young princess of Adavia — and it had brought her good fortune! At the Trents' holiday boarding-house—

A little later, however, Georgina, the spoilt daughter of wealthy businessman, Mark Chambers, called at the boarding-house with her nurse.


GOOD AFTERNOON, MRS TRENT. MISS GEORGINA'S MOTHER WISHES ME TO ASK ABOUT A BOX THE CHILDREN FOUND ON THE BEACH.
YES—IT'S MINE! I SAW IT FIRST.

I'M SORRY, JENNY, BUT I HAD TO GIVE HER THE DRESS. YOU ALL AGREED SHE DID SEE IT FIRST. BUT CHEER UP! I'LL MAKE A FANCY DRESS COSTUME FOR YOU SOMEHOW!
BUT THAT DRESS . . . SOMEHOW IT WAS MEANT FOR ME, I KNOW IT WAS! BESIDES, GEORGINA HAS ALL THE DRESSES SHE WANTS.

That evening, at a nearby expensive hotel, when Georgina had been put to bed—

HOW LIKE GEORGINA! NOW SHE'S GOT THE BOX, SHE'S LOST INTEREST IN IT! WHAT A LOVELY DRESS! NOW I SEE WHY LITTLE JENNY TRENT WAS SO UPSET—HER FATHER IS DEAD AND THEY'RE VERY POOR. SHE'LL HAVE FEW CHANCES OF WEARING A DRESS LIKE THIS.

THIS DRESS IS HAVING THE STRANGEST EFFECT ON ME. I KNOW I'M RISKING MY JOB BY TAKING IT BACK TO JENNY—BUT I FEEL COMPELLED TO DO IT!

The Fancy Dress Party.

Next day, the Fancy Dress party was to take place and, as usual, Georgina was giving trouble!
I WON'T WEAR THAT SILLY OLD COSTUME TO THE PARTY!
LEAVE HER TO ME, MADAM. I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.
NOW, GEORGINA, WHY DON'T YOU WEAR WHAT IS IN THIS BOX?
THAT OLD DRESS? IT'S TOO BIG FOR ME.
I DIDN'T MEAN THE DRESS. SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF A COSTUME FROM THESE PAPERS—ALTHOUGH I DOUBT IT! NOW, THE TRENT CHILDREN COULD DO IT EASILY . . .
OH, COULD THEY? THEN SO CAN I . . .
JUST AS I HOPED! GEORGINA HAS A CHALLENGE NOW . . . SHE'LL DO IT AT ALL COSTS—WHILE THE DRESS WILL BE APPRECIATED BY JENNY.
Meanwhile—
MOTHER! THE DRESS IS BACK! BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND . . .
THAT KIND NURSE BROUGHT IT BACK LAST NIGHT—I DIDN'T TELL YOU BECAUSE I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A LOVELY SURPRISE.
I DON'T WANT TO SPOIL YOUR PLEASURE . . . BUT OUR LODGINGS' BILL CAME TO FAR MORE THAN I EXPECTED. WE'LL HAVE TO CUT SHORT OUR HOLIDAY.
DON'T WORRY, MOTHER! I HAVE A FEELING THAT THIS DRESS WILL BRING US GOOD LUCK!
The party was a great success, and when it came to the judging—
ONE COSTUME IS OUTSTANDING—AND ONE IS VERY CLEVERLY MADE.
I'VE NEVER SEEN GEORGINA LOOK SO HAPPY. SURELY SHE DIDN'T MAKE THAT COSTUME HERSELF?
FIRST PRIZE OF TEN POUNDS TO THE QUEEN AND HER ATTENDANTS . . AND A SPECIAL PRIZE TO GEORGINA FOR A VERY INGENIOUS COSTUME.
I DID THE RIGHT THING. JENNY LOOKS LOVELY—AND GEORGINA HAS REALLY EARNED SOMETHING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE.
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, MOTHER? NOW WE HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY AND WE CAN FINISH OUR HOLIDAY!
I KNEW THIS DRESS WOULD BRING US LUCK . . I THINK IT MUST BE MAGIC!
At last the holiday was over and the Trents returned home.
WE HAD A MARVELLOUS TIME AT SANDYCOVE. STILL, IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME!
OH, JENNY—YOUR DRESS! IT'S NOT HERE . . . IT'S BEEN LEFT OUT OF THE PACKING.
IT WASN'T REALLY MY DRESS, MOTHER—IT BELONGS TO NO-ONE FOR LONG, I'M SURE! I'D LIKE TO THINK IT'S ALREADY BRINGING HAPPINESS TO ANOTHER GIRL!

NEXT WEEK—A hopeful young actress finds the Dress of Destiny. Will it bring her good luck?

A needle and a thread helps Jill sew up a good story!

JILL Junior Reporter

JILL COOPER was junior reporter on the "Daily Echo" in London. One day, all the star reporters got their day's orders from the editor —then it was Jill's turn.

WELL WHAT HAVE YOU FOR ME TODAY, CHIEF? HAVE BIKE WILL TRAVEL!
OH, YES, HERE YOU ARE, JILL—I NEED SOMEONE TO COVER A WEDDING. IT'S THE HON. CYNTHIA DOOLITTLE— YOU CAN WRITE IT FROM THE WOMAN'S ANGLE. YOU MIGHT GET A WHOLE PARAGRAPH OUT OF IT.
A WEDDING! OH, DEAR, IS THAT ALL?

Good news stories were scarce that week, so quite a crowd of reporters and cameramen were at the registrar's to report the wedding.
WE'LL HAVE TO PUSH IN, TESS, IF WE'RE GOING TO SEE ANYTHING.

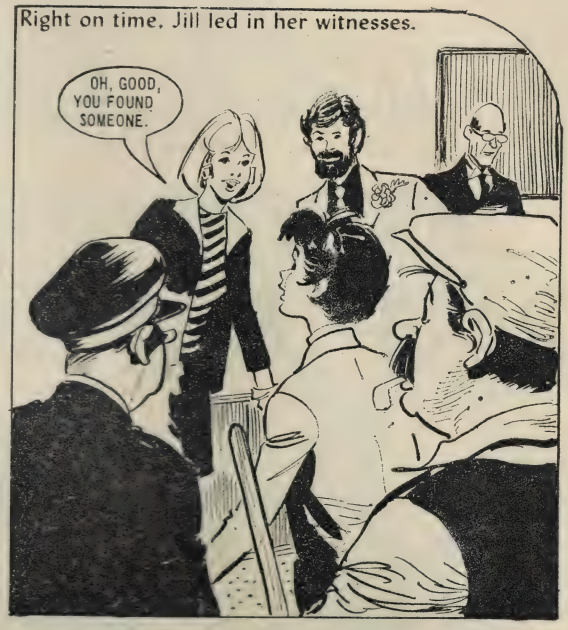
Fortunately, there was a cloakroom nearby. Jill decided to do her good deed for the day.
HERE, LET ME HELP YOU. I'VE GOT A NEEDLE AND THREAD IN MY BAG.
NOTICES
CLOAKROOM
IT'S VERY SWEET OF YOU. I'M GETTING MARRIED IN ROOM FOUR IN TEN MINUTES' TIME.

NOTICES
YOU'VE BEEN SO KIND. I WONDER IF I COULD ASK YOU IF YOU COULD FIND US TWO WITNESSES FOR THE WEDDING? WE'VE ONLY GOT FIVE MINUTES.

The disguise!

Jill wasted no time. The first person she saw outside was a road sweeper.
WOULD YOU MIND WITNESSING A WEDDING FOR A FRIEND OF MINE? WE'D BE VERY GRATEFUL.
WELL, I'VE ONLY GOT MY OLD SUIT ON, BUT IF YOU'RE NOT TOO FUSSY–

A traffic warden was next.
COULD YOU STAND IN AS A WITNESS FOR A WEDDING? IT WON'T TAKE LONG.
OH, I SUPPOSE SO. I'M NOT VERY BUSY JUST NOW.



It was only when she came out with the new Mr and Mrs Bloggs that Jill realised that the Hon. Cynthia was gone!
GOSH, I'VE MISSED CYNTHIA! THE ED WILL HIT THE ROOF!

NEVER MIND, I'M GLAD THE NEWSMEN HAVE GONE. I WAS AFRAID THEY WOULD RECOGNISE MICHAEL.
RECOGNISE HIM? I CAN'T SAY I'VE EVER HEARD OF MICHAEL BLOGGS–

MIKE CONWAY–THE NUMBER ONE POP RAVE!
YES–BUT MICHAEL BLOGGS IS HIS REAL NAME. WE WANTED A NICE QUIET WEDDING, AND WE GOT IT. WE ARE SO HAPPY–I WANT THE WHOLE WORLD TO KNOW IT!

Next day–
WELL, THE WHOLE WORLD WILL KNOW ABOUT IT NOW, TESS– THAT'S IF THEY READ THE DAILY ECHO. THE EDITOR WAS SO PLEASED WITH MY STORY HE NEVER ASKED ABOUT CYNTHIA DOOLITTLE!
ECHO
POP-STAR WEDS

NEXT WEEK—Jill faces an angry tiger!

Joan battles desperately for her own life—and that of Prince Chula.

The GIRL THEY LEFT BEHIND

THE girl stopped a few feet from Joan and raised the hand holding the knife. It was a threatening gesture and the anger in her eyes and in the set of her mouth made Joan's mouth go dry.

"Hsai," Prince Chula said plaintively. "This is my very best friend, Joan. I told you about her."

"Hush!" Joan said tightly. She pushed the little boy behind her then forced a smile. "My—my sister has a great imagination. Tells stories. She—she pretends. You know, plays that she is all sorts of people."

"HE," Hsai emphasised the word, "Plays at being SHE. When I fished him out of the river he was in no mood for playing games. He was very frightened and he told the truth. He is Prince Chula, the only one of our Royal family who did not die during the attack on the Palace."

Joan's heart sank, for her secret was out. She was the daughter of the British Consul in Cambada, and had accidentally been left behind when the consulate staff fled the country, following an army rebellion. She had disguised the little Prince as a girl, and was trying to smuggle him across the frontier to safety.

"So?" Joan said quietly and with a calm she was far from feeling. "What are you going to do about it? To get to him you'll have to use that knife on me. I can put up a good fight."

"Hah!" Hsai said with contempt. "You have no weapon and I am much stronger than you. Since I was very small I have had to work hard." Then, for just a moment, her face softened. "I don't want to hurt you. Stand aside and let me take the Prince aboard my boat. You are British—he told me that. You can go to the authorities, explain how your father left you behind when the fighting began, and they will send you across the border to him."

"I will not leave Cambada without the Prince," Joan said. "He was given into my care. I've been through a lot getting him this far and I'm not just meekly going to hand him over to you now. Chula," she added, "run. Hide somewhere."

"No." Chula clung to her. "I want to stay with you." Tears filled his eyes, spilled down his cheeks. "I don't like you any more, Hsai. You are being bad to Joan."

"I love my father. I need you to save him!" Hsai shouted the words and then she launched herself at Joan, sending the girl over backwards. With a frightened scream, Chula jumped clear.

The attack had taken Joan by surprise and the fall shook her up, but for all that she managed to get in a blow with clenched fist as Hsai landed on her. It caught Hsai in the midriff and, as she gasped, the knife flew out of her hand.

"The knife, Chula! Pick it up and throw it out of her reach!"

But Chula just stood and whimpered, too scared to move, to help in any way.

Like a couple of wild cats the girls struggled and rolled on the ground, clawing at one another. Then Joan's strength, already weakened by an attack of sunstroke, began to ebb. Her movements became feebler and Hsai had the knife in her hand again, her knees on Joan's arms,

holding her down.

"Please," Joan got out as Hsai raised her knife hand. "Please."

Then, as the knife came down, she closed her eyes. This was the end. The end for her, the end for the little Prince.

THE EXCHANGE!

SHE felt the weight on her chest ease and opened her eyes again. Hsai was kneeling to the side of her, hands over face, weeping, harsh sobs that seemed to rack her whole body. The knife was on the ground. Joan struggled into an upright position.

"Why?" she asked. "Why didn't you kill me?" Chula ran to her and cuddled up to her, sobbing wildly.

"Hush, Chula," she told him. "I'm all right, though goodness knows why!"

"I couldn't do it." Hsai took her hands down from her face, her lips trembling. "I couldn't kill you. I have never killed before."

"I understand," Joan said gently. Tentatively she put an arm about Hsai's shoulders. "What I don't understand is what you said about your father and needing Prince Chula."

"The soldiers took him," Hsai said dully. "From our village down river. He is the Head Man there and brave and—and fearless and against the new Government. He spoke out against it, tried to get the men to fight. The soldiers—they did bad things to him to try and make him swear loyalty to the new regime."

"And he wouldn't?" Joan prompted. "They—did they shoot him?"

"Not yet," Hsai said dully. "It will happen this afternoon. The Head Man from every village in the area will be brought to see him shot."

"To see him made an example of," Joan mused. "But why did you say you needed the Prince?"

"I would tie him up, hide him, then go to the one in charge of the soldiers and—and bargain with him to exchange my father for the Prince," Hsai replied.

"I see." Joan held Chula closer. "You realise what would happen? They would kill Chula. Kill this small boy."

"I love my father." Hsai avoided looking at the child. "I love him!"

"You wouldn't have saved him," Joan said with conviction. "The soldiers would have either forced you to tell where you had hidden Chula, or they would have pretended they were going to do a swop, taken Chula, finished you off and then your father. There is no honour in this regime, Hsai. Believe me, I know. I know the one who heads it, Colonel Suyin, and he is a wicked man."

"But at least I would have tried to save my father," Hsai said passionately. Then she hung her head. "I am ashamed, you see, because I ran away from the village to save my own life."

"Hsai," Joan asked. "Why have you stayed here so long instead of going at once to the soldiers with Prince Chula? Tell me, Hsai," she said more sharply as the girl made no reply.

"Because——" Hsai faltered, gulped hard then looked up at Joan. "Because in my heart I suppose I knew they would kill him and—and he is just a little boy and——" Her voice trailed off.

"And you knew that your brave father, true to the rightful rulers of this country, would not want his life saved by the death of the Prince," Joan said.

Hsai nodded miserably.

"Take him away," she said, suddenly jumping to her feet. "Get him out of sight. I can't save my father and I wish to be left alone in my misery." Her voice rose. "Get away I said. Get——" She stopped suddenly, tense, in a listening attitude. "There are people near," she said. "A lot of them."

"I can't hear anything," Joan said, but she jumped to her feet and picked Chula up, holding him close.

"I have exceptionally good hearing." Hsai moved to a nearby tree and went up it as fast and agilely as a monkey.

"See anything?" Joan asked tensely.

"Soldiers!" Hsai called back. "A lot of them. Coming this way. There is a priest with them."

"From the lamasery!" Joan exclaimed. "I stayed there last night and must somehow have given the show away.

TITLE TEASERS PRIZEWINNERS

EACH of these girls has won a Printing Press or a Bowl-A-Strike Bowling Alley.

Irene Cooper, Clydebank; Susan Allen, Accrington, Lancs; Margaret Nolan, Lanarkshire; Alison Wainwright, Macclesfield; Margaret Lewis, Nelson, Lancs; Susan Otter, Edinburgh; Agnes Orr, Forth, Lanark; Angela Law, Hamilton; Anne White, Spalding, Lincs; Christine Swann, Wolverhampton, Bucks; Kim Harwood, Peterboro; Hilary Brown, Cheltenham; Claire Westlake, Ipswich; P. Webster, Matlock, Derbyshire; Angela Jeffs, Birmingham, 31; Joyce Bain, Aberdeen; Mairi Cook, Aberdeen; Margaret Reid, Dundee; Daphne Russ, Checkerdon, Oxfordshire; Jane McWhirter, Maidens, Ayrshire; Mandy Sanger, Plymouth; Ann Harden, New Romney, Kent; Janet Herring, Higher Denham, Bucks; Dorothy Curd, Egham, Surrey; Elizabeth Gallagher, Nottingham; Kim Bailey, Arnold, Nottingham; Karen Roberts, Blythe Bridge; Wendy Richards, Shipley, Yorks; Linda Robinson, Hebden Bridge, Yorks; Helen Gill, Holmbridge, Nr. Huddersfield; Rosemary Curbie, Londonderry; Anne Snoddy, Belfast, 15; Antoinette Byrne, Dublin, 4; Dermot Ryall, Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare; Sharon Brewster, Chelmsford, Essex; Kim Butler, London; Carole Bird, Winson Green, London, 18; Nicola Jane Wise, Basingstoke; Amanda Wheeler, Wimbledon; Yog Yane Yee, Camden Town, NW1.

Congratulations, girls. After careful consideration of all the solutions sent in, yours were the winning entries.

CORRECT ANSWERS—1 The Water Babies, 2 Christmas Carol, 3 Little Women, 4 Three Men In A Boat, 5 The Highwayman, 6 Star Of The Circus, 7 The Prisoner, 8 Storm River, 9 Betty Of Ballet School, 10 The Orchard, 11 Treasure Island, 12 Run, Rhoda, Run, 13 The Runaway, 14 Jungle Book, 15 The House In The Woods, 16 Crooked Road.

Hsai, could we get away in your boat ?"

"We could try." Hsai shinned down the tree. "They have guns, though. The river is sluggish, we could not go fast. They could shoot us before we got out of range. Still, we will try it. My father will die," she added sombrely. "I do not care if I die, too."

"I care," Joan said with spirit. "I care for my life and Chula's and yours." She bent down and felt the grass. "It's very dry. The bushes and trees, too. Hsai, I have an idea. It might give us the extra time we need."

She explained quickly and then put Chula aboard the boat. Hsai provided cooking oil and matches, and they went ashore, working fast scattering the oil. Then they lit the matches, threw them on to the oil soaked patches and ran. As they climbed aboard the boat the fire took hold.

"They'll make their way round the fire, of course," Joan said to Hsai. "We must be prepared for that."

"I know the river well. There are hiding places. My father showed them to me." Her face clouded and her eyes filled with pain. "My father ! Oh, my father ! It won't be long now before—before——"

"Try not to think about it," Joan said even though she knew she was asking the impossible. "Think of how proud your father would be of you in what you are doing—helping me to save the Prince."

A HIDE-OUT !

IN the forest the soldiers were being driven back by the fire, the smoke, and the officer in charge of them was losing patience.

"We'll never get through this," he told the man dressed as a priest, who in reality was a secret agent of Colonel Suyin. "I suppose there is a chance that the girl has been caught in the fire. If so it will do our work for us. It may have got her before she got to this child you believe to be Prince Chula."

"I am sure she was going to him," the agent said tersely. "We must make all speed round the fire and search along the river. She could have found a boat."

"The wind is taking the fire in the direction of the village, sir," a sergeant volunteered. "We have left only a small force to guard the one who is to be shot."

"This fire !" the officer exclaimed, suddenly very uneasy. "Perhaps—it was started to delay us here, while the villagers made an attempt to free their Head Man. We must get back there quickly."

Meanwhile, the girls in the boat had made good progress along the river, taking a direction away from the village.

"What's your idea ?" Joan asked in surprise as Hsai altered the course of the boat, heading it straight at what seemed to be an impenetrable block of trees and tall reeds. "We can't go ashore there."

"I know what I am doing," Hsai retorted. "Be ready to duck your head when I give the word. Now !" she said a few moments later.

Joan ducked her head down and then the prow of the boat nosed through the reeds into a channel between the trees only just wide enough to take it.

"Well, I'll be blowed !" Joan said in delight when Hsai halted the boat. "A perfect hiding place. The trees, the reeds, they are so thick that unless one knew there was a way through——"

"I knew," Hsai interrupted. "We may have to stay here for a couple of days, Joan. It is wise to keep off the river. The soldiers will have boats out, searching the river."

"I expect you're right," Joan agreed. "After a couple of days they will have moved on to search elsewhere. How about food, though ?"

"We have enough, if we eat sparingly," Hsai assured her.

Hsai prepared a meal and they ate, Chula waking and joining them. Then Joan told him a few stories until he fell asleep again, nestled in her arms. The girls talked awhile, then they, too, settled for sleep. Joan was feeling optimistic. With the boat and the help of the sturdy Hsai, getting out of the country was going to be easier. On this comforting thought she fell asleep.

"Joan !" She woke to the urgent though low pitched voice and to Hsai's tight grip on her arm. "Joan ! Some—one is coming in !"

Joan sat up and saw that Hsai already had hold of their only weapon, the knife. She looked ready to use it, too. They waited, saw the prow of a boat, and a moment later Hsai came to her feet.

"Father !" she said. "Father !" She made from their boat into the other one and hugged the tall, lean man hard. "Praise Buddha ! You're—you're not dead ! How——"

"The soldiers went off on some search for a girl and a child," her father said. "Then there was a forest fire—that helped because it caused confusion—and a smoke screen in the village ! Our friends overcame the guards and I got away, came to this hiding place. Who are they ?"

He pointed to Joan and Chula. His daughter quickly explained and his face lit up.

"The Prince !" he exclaimed, stepped into the other boat, and knelt, looking at the sleeping child.

There he knelt for a full minute in silence watching the child. Joan spoke up.

"I'll be glad of your help in getting him across the border," she said. "I'm sure you will want to serve him."

"I want to serve Cambada," he answered gravely. And then his next words made Joan stiffen. "He must be shown to the people, help give them courage to fight ! This child will not leave Cambada. This I tell you."

What can Joan do now? Don't miss next week's thrilling instalment.

HERE IT IS!

The DIANA BOOK

For Girls Who Are Keen On

FASHION
MYSTERY
PETS
NATURE
SPORT
MAGIC
BALLET
HANDICRAFTS

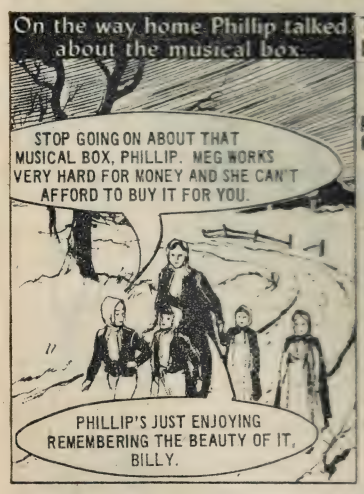
128 Pages in lovely colour. You'll want to read these again and again.

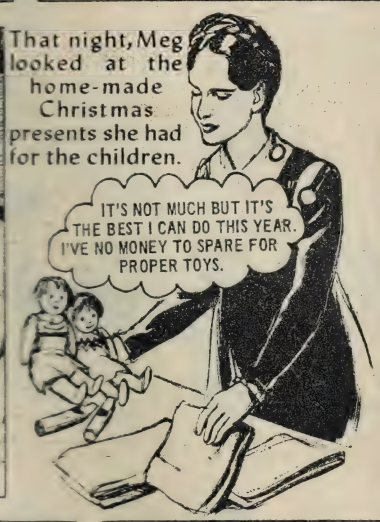
NOW ON SALE PRICE 8/6

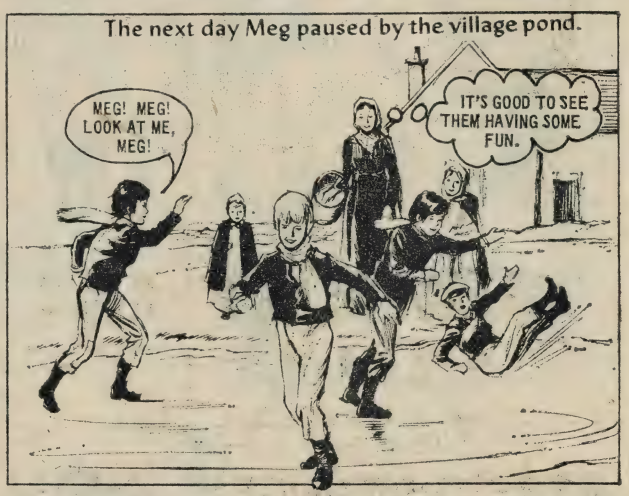
The Willing Hands of Meg Smith

IN Victorian times, when money was hard to come by, fifteen-year-old Meg Smith took on the care of her orphaned brothers and sisters. Meg turned her hand to any job to make ends meet, but Christmas presents for the children were going to make things even harder for Meg.

Meg was pleased with the takings, but—
WE CAN ONLY LOOK AT THE TOYS, CHILDREN. I NEED THIS MONEY FOR RENT AND FOOD.
WE KNOW, MEG. JUST LOOKING WILL BE A TREAT.


On the way home Phillip talked about the musical box.
STOP GOING ON ABOUT THAT MUSICAL BOX, PHILLIP. MEG WORKS VERY HARD FOR MONEY AND SHE CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY IT FOR YOU.
PHILLIP'S JUST ENJOYING REMEMBERING THE BEAUTY OF IT, BILLY.


That night, Meg looked at the home-made Christmas presents she had for the children.
IT'S NOT MUCH BUT IT'S THE BEST I CAN DO THIS YEAR. I'VE NO MONEY TO SPARE FOR PROPER TOYS.



Between them they got Phillip to safety, but—
MY LEG! OH, IT DOES HURT BAD!
ANNIE, RUN FOR DOCTOR BEST. I'LL GET PHILLIP HOME AND OUT OF THESE WET CLOTHES.

Phillip gives up!

Doctor Best soon arrived.

YOUR LEG'S BROKEN, PHILLIP. I'LL SET AND SPLINT IT. WILL YOU BE A BRAVE BOY WHILE I DO IT?

HE'LL TRY. HOLD TIGHT TO MY HAND, PHILLIP.

Later—

IT'S A CLEAN BREAK AND WILL HEAL WELL. BUT I'M WORRIED THAT THE EFFECT OF THE ICY COLD WATER MIGHT LEAD TO PNEUMONIA. SHALL I SEND HIM TO THE INFIRMARY?

NO! OH, NO! PHILLIP HATES TO BE WITH STRANGERS. LET ME NURSE HIM. I CAN DO IT.

Phillip didn't get pneumonia, but—

I HURT, MEG. I HURT IN MY BONES, ALL OVER.

THE COLD HAS GOT INTO THEM, DEAR. THE HOT BRICKS WILL HELP AND I'LL PUT GOOSE GREASE ON THE SOREST PLACES.

That night, Doctor Best had to be called again.

IT'S RHEUMATIC FEVER, MEG. YOU'VE DONE THE RIGHT THINGS BUT HE'LL NEED CONSTANT NURSING FOR A WHILE. YOU HAVE YOUR CLEANING JOBS AND . . .

I WON'T GO OUT TO DO THEM, DOCTOR. I'LL TAKE IN EXTRA WASHING AND IRONING, SO I CAN LOOK AFTER PHILLIP.

When Meg offered to pay—

CHRISTMAS IS A TIME FOR GIVING, MEG. COUNT MY SERVICES AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO THE FAMILY.

I—I . . . WELL, PUT THAT WAY, I ACCEPT. THANK YOU, DOCTOR BEST. YOU'RE A GOOD MAN.

Later that night—

HE'S ASLEEP NOW, BILLY. BUT IF I LET GO OF HIS HAND MAYBE HE'LL WAKE AGAIN AND BE IN PAIN.

SLIP YOUR HAND OUT VERY SLOW AND CAREFUL AND I'LL SLIP MINE IN. PERHAPS HE'LL THINK I'M YOU. GET SOME REST, MEG.

But Meg had work to do.

YOU WERE UP ALL LAST NIGHT WASHING THAT LINEN, MEG. YOU CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS.

I HAVE TO, BILLY. WE NEED THE MONEY.

Two days before Christmas—

THE FEVER HAS LESSENED BUT THE PAIN HAS WORN HIM OUT AND HE'S STOPPED FIGHTING. HE—WELL, HE COULD JUST SLIP AWAY, MEG. I HAVE TO WARN YOU OF THIS.

HE MUSTN'T, DOCTOR BEST! I—I WON'T LET HIM. HE'S SO SPECIAL IS OUR PHILLIP AND WE LOVE HIM DEARLY.

YOU MUSTN'T GIVE IN, PHILLIP. WE NEED YOU. YOU FIGHT HARD, MY LITTLE LOVE. PLEASE, PHILLIP.

TOO TIRED, MEG. SO VERY, VERY TIRED.

A Christmas miracle!

Later that night—

I'VE GOT THE RENT MONEY BUT CHRISTMAS DINNER WILL JUST BE AN ORDINARY MEAL. CHRISTMAS DINNERS USED TO BE WONDERFUL WITH ROAST CHESTNUTS—

ROAST CHESTNUTS. THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA.

With Billy's help, Meg set to work.

WON'T PHILLIP MISS YOU, MEG?

I THINK HE'S PAST CARING, BILLY. I'M PAYING OLD MRS FARTHING TO STAY WITH THE CHILDREN TOMORROW. SHE'S A RELIABLE SOUL.

So next day at the market—

CHESTNUTS

THAT'S THE LAST OF OUR MONEY—MY PLAN MUST SUCCEED!

Later in Oakley—

MEG, I'M PRAYING. I'M PRAYING HARD THEY'LL SELL.

SO AM I, BILLY. AND IF THEY DO—WELL, THERE'LL BE MORE PRAYING TO DO. YOU KNOW WHY I WANT THE MONEY.

BUY YOUR HOT CHESTNUTS HERE. WARM YOUR HANDS ON THEM BEFORE YOU WARM YOUR INSIDES WITH THEM. HOT CHESTNUTS!

The BLACK HORSE

WE'RE DOING FINE. ALMOST SOLD OUT. THERE'LL BE ENOUGH TO . . . OH, WHAT IF I'M TOO LATE?

But she wasn't.

PHILLIP LOOKED SO PALE WHEN WE LEFT HIM THIS MORNING, MEG. WILL THIS HELP—?

I DON'T KNOW, BILLY, I'M JUST HOPING AND THIS CHRISTMAS HE'LL GET PRESENTS ON CHRISTMAS EVE, NOT CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Later that night—

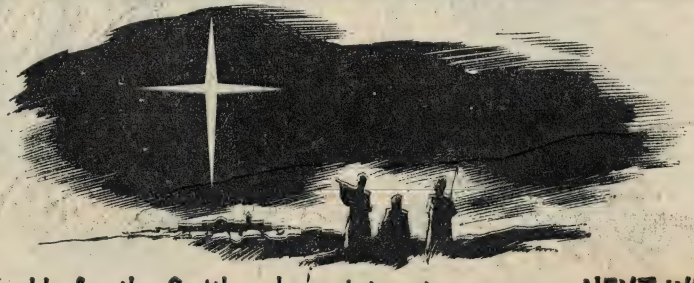
OH, IT'S BEAUTIFUL, MEG. WHEN THE PAIN IS VERY BAD I'LL HOLD MY BEAUTIFUL MUSICAL BOX AND—AND I'LL GET BETTER.

THAT'S MY BOY! WE'VE ALL GOT A WONDERFUL PRESENT, TOO, PHILLIP. THE BEST WE COULD HAVE—KNOWING YOU ARE GOING TO STAY WITH US.

Next day, Mrs Bunting, a friendly neighbour, sent over a chicken and so the Smiths had a real Christmas dinner.

IT'S A CHRISTMAS MIRACLE, ISN'T IT, MEG? THE MONEY COMING FOR ME TO HAVE THIS TO HELP ME GET WELL.

IT TOOK WORK, PHILLIP, BUT YES, WE WORKED A MIRACLE FOR YOU.



More trouble for the Smiths when winter storms come—NEXT WEEK.

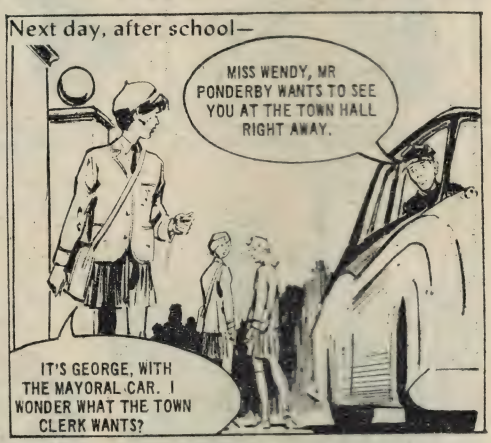
Wendy leads a campaign.

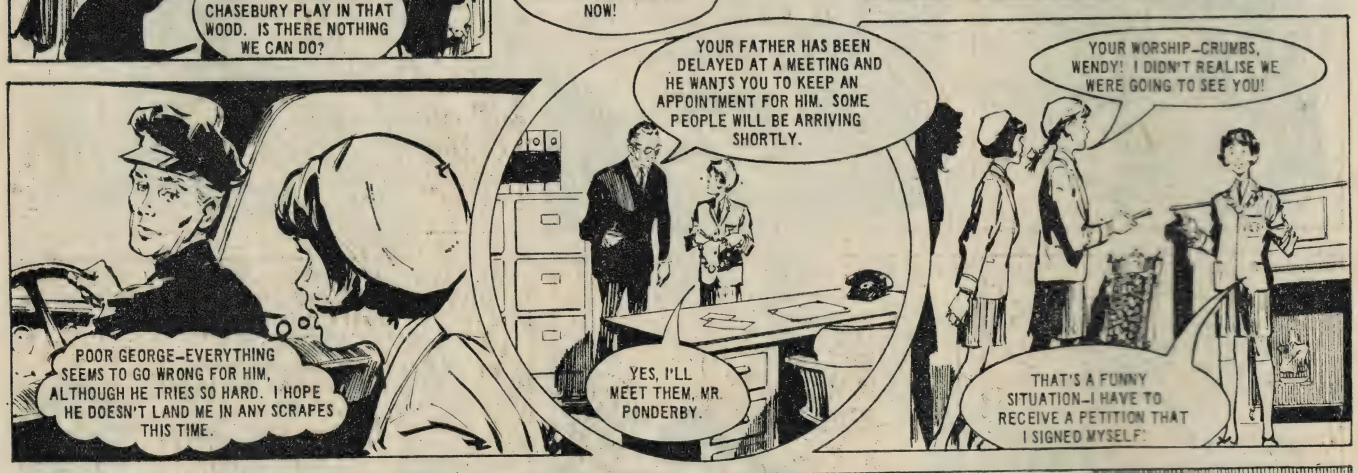
HER WORSHIP WENDY

WHEN Wendy Shuttle's widower father was elected Mayor of Chasebury, he appointed schoolgirl Wendy as Mayoress! At school one day—

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT THEY'RE GOING TO CHOP DOWN CONEY WOODS, SO THEY CAN BUILD A FACTORY THERE?
WHAT A SHAME! ALL THE CHILDREN OF CHASEBURY PLAY IN THAT WOOD. IS THERE NOTHING WE CAN DO?

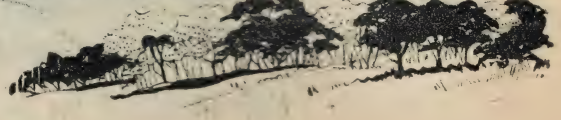
WE'RE ORGANISING A PROTEST PETITION, TO BE SIGNED BY AS MANY YOUNG PEOPLE AS POSSIBLE. WE NEED ONLY TWO MORE SIGNATURES AND WE'LL HAVE A THOUSAND.
I'LL CERTAINLY SIGN. ONLY ONE MORE NOW!


Next day, after school—
MISS WENDY, MR PONDERBY WANTS TO SEE YOU AT THE TOWN HALL RIGHT AWAY.
IT'S GEORGE, WITH THE MAYORAL CAR. I WONDER WHAT THE TOWN CLERK WANTS?

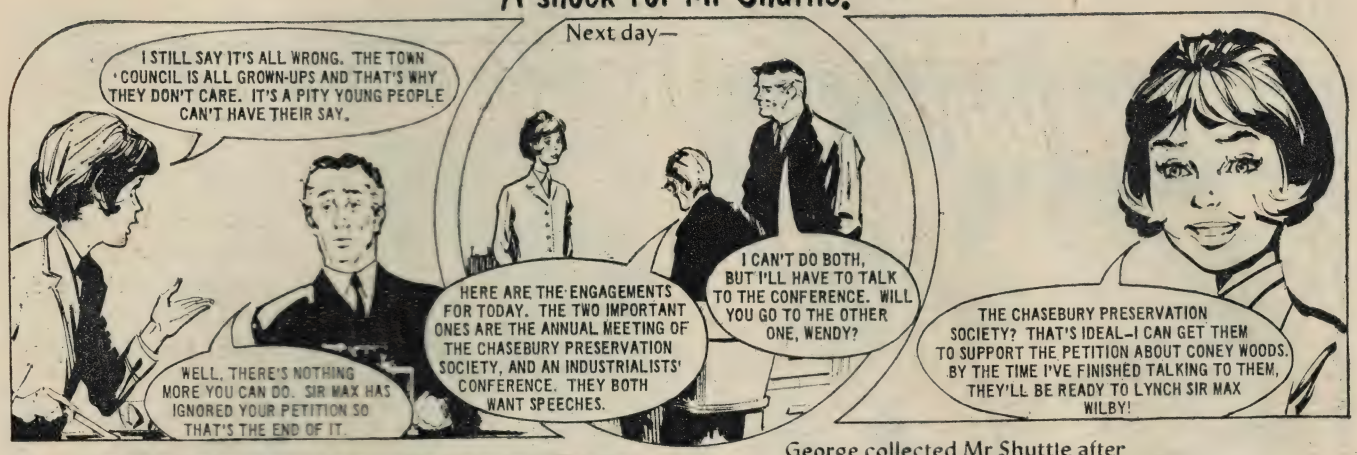

POOR GEORGE—EVERYTHING SEEMS TO GO WRONG FOR HIM, ALTHOUGH HE TRIES SO HARD. I HOPE HE DOESN'T LAND ME IN ANY SCRAPES THIS TIME.
YOUR FATHER HAS BEEN DELAYED AT A MEETING AND HE WANTS YOU TO KEEP AN APPOINTMENT FOR HIM. SOME PEOPLE WILL BE ARRIVING SHORTLY.
YES, I'LL MEET THEM, MR. PONDERBY.
YOUR WORSHIP—CRUMBS, WENDY! I DIDN'T REALISE WE WERE GOING TO SEE YOU!
THAT'S A FUNNY SITUATION—I HAVE TO RECEIVE A PETITION THAT I SIGNED MYSELF!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT SHOULD HAPPEN TO THIS PETITION NOW?
I'LL SEND IT TO SIR MAX WILBY, WHOSE COMPANY IS GOING TO BUILD THE FACTORY. BUT I DON'T THINK IT WILL DO ANY GOOD—HE'S A VERY BUSY MAN, AND HE PROBABLY WON'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO LOOK AT IT.

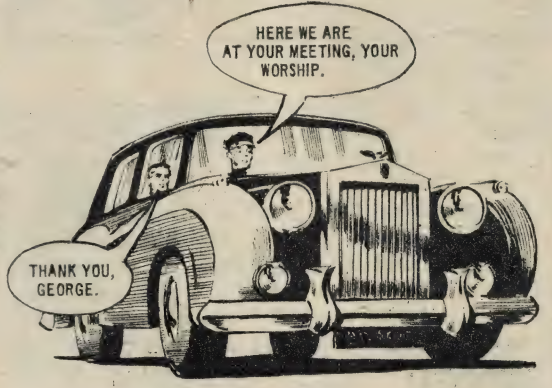
That evening, when Wendy was having tea with her father—
WHAT DO YOU FEEL ABOUT CONEY WOODS BEING CHOPPED DOWN, DAD?
IT'S A SHAME TO SEE THEM GO, I SUPPOSE, BUT A NEW FACTORY LIKE THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT TO CHASEBURY. THE TOWN COUNCIL IS BACKING IT TO THE FULL.



A shock for Mr Shuttle!

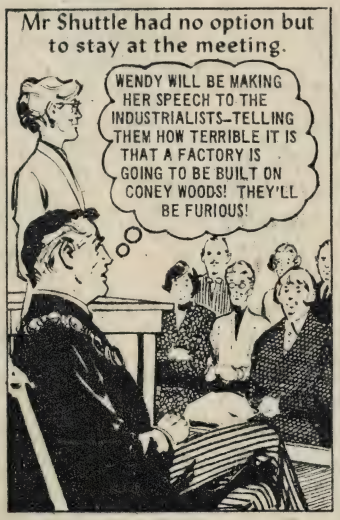

I STILL SAY IT'S ALL WRONG. THE TOWN COUNCIL IS ALL GROWN-UPS AND THAT'S WHY THEY DON'T CARE. IT'S A PITY YOUNG PEOPLE CAN'T HAVE THEIR SAY.
WELL, THERE'S NOTHING MORE YOU CAN DO. SIR MAX HAS IGNORED YOUR PETITION SO THAT'S THE END OF IT.
Next day—
HERE ARE THE ENGAGEMENTS FOR TODAY. THE TWO IMPORTANT ONES ARE THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHASEBURY PRESERVATION SOCIETY, AND AN INDUSTRIALISTS' CONFERENCE. THEY BOTH WANT SPEECHES.
I CAN'T DO BOTH, BUT I'LL HAVE TO TALK TO THE CONFERENCE. WILL YOU GO TO THE OTHER ONE, WENDY?
THE CHASEBURY PRESERVATION SOCIETY? THAT'S IDEAL—I CAN GET THEM TO SUPPORT THE PETITION ABOUT CONEY WOODS. BY THE TIME I'VE FINISHED TALKING TO THEM, THEY'LL BE READY TO LYNCH SIR MAX WILBY!

George collected Mr Shuttle after taking Wendy to her meeting.

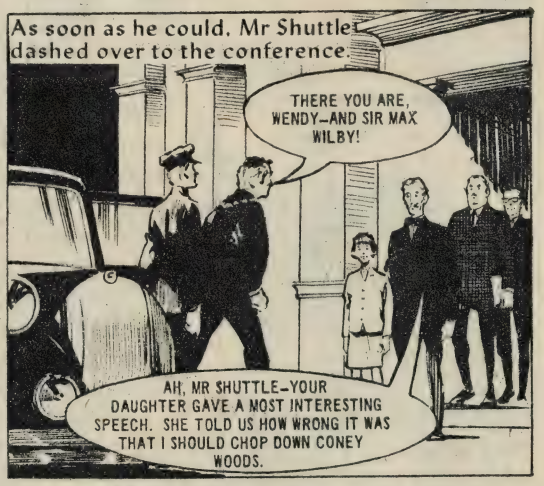


YOUR WORSHIP—WELCOME TO THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHASEBURY PRESERVATION SOCIETY! WE THOUGHT MISS WENDY WAS COMING TO TALK TO US, BUT IT'S AN EVEN GREATER HONOUR TO HAVE THE MAYOR HIMSELF!
OH, NO! GEORGE HAS BROUGHT ME TO THE WRONG MEETING—AND HE MUST HAVE TAKEN WENDY TO THE CONFERENCE!

Mr Shuttle had no option but to stay at the meeting.


WENDY WILL BE MAKING HER SPEECH TO THE INDUSTRIALISTS—TELLING THEM HOW TERRIBLE IT IS THAT A FACTORY IS GOING TO BE BUILT ON CONEY WOODS! THEY'LL BE FURIOUS!

As soon as he could, Mr Shuttle dashed over to the conference.


THERE YOU ARE, WENDY—AND SIR MAX WILBY!
AH, MR SHUTTLE—YOUR DAUGHTER GAVE A MOST INTERESTING SPEECH. SHE TOLD US HOW WRONG IT WAS THAT I SHOULD CHOP DOWN CONEY WOODS.

I'M SO SORRY—IT WAS A MISTAKE—
I DIDN'T REALISE THE CHILDREN OF CHASEBURY FELT SO DEEPLY ABOUT THE WOODS. I'M GOING TO BUILD MY FACTORY IN ANOTHER PART OF THE TOWN—AND THE WOODS WILL STAY.
OH THANK YOU SO MUCH, SIR MAX!

IT WAS LUCKY EVERYTHING WORKED OUT SO WELL, WENDY. I NEARLY PASSED OUT WHEN I REALISED GEORGE HAD MADE A MISTAKE AND TAKEN US TO THE WRONG MEETINGS.
ER—DON'T BLAME GEORGE, DAD. I'M AFRAID I TOLD HIM TO TAKE ME THERE, AS I GUESSED IF IT WAS AN INDUSTRIALISTS' CONFERENCE, SIR MAX WOULD BE THERE. I THOUGHT MY SPEECH WOULD BE MORE USEFUL THERE, THAN AT THE PRESERVATION SOCIETY!

NEXT WEEK—A beauty problem for Wendy.

Here's your very own page, girls.

Hello, girls!

I hope you are all enjoying the school holidays and going to lots of Christmas parties. It won't be long now till you can start opening your Christmas parcels. Patch can't wait till Christmas and has been sniffing around searching for his present. But it's well hidden from him.

I would like to thank all of you who sent me a Christmas card. They are very nice. Well, I hope you all have a lovely Christmas—but, remember not to eat too much ice-cream and trifle.

Merry Christmas,

Mandy

PRIMA DONNA.

While I was staying at a holiday camp with my mum and nanny, I entered a fancy dress contest. I won first prize for the seven-year-olds and received a five-shilling voucher to spend at the gift shop.

—Donna Rice, Plymouth.

Your costume certainly looks nice, Donna.

ANY MORE BIDS?

One day my aunt was having cabbage for dinner. Cabbage wasn't my young cousin's favourite vegetable. In fact, she hated it. When her mother served her dinner my cousin said she didn't like cabbage.

My aunt answered—"I'll give you a penny if you eat all your cabbage."

My cousin's prompt reply was—"I'll give you twopence if you take it away."

—Ann Gamble, Belfast.

I bet there was a drastic cut in her pocket money, Ann.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU.

I hope you like the photograph of my cousin, brother and myself. There's no need to be alarmed, though. We don't really look like that. We are only wearing masks, even though they do look very life-like.

—Susan Pattison, Bedlington.

There's certainly a family resemblance, Susan.

JUMBLED JOBS.

Rearrange the letters in the phrases below to make three occupations:

1—The acre.
2—Morning Ore.
3—Rode it.

ANSWERS.

1—Teacher.
2—Ironmonger.
3—Editor.

—Christine Johnston, Hebburn.

CAUGHT BLACK-HANDED

—Christine Dorbe, Northfleet.

HANDY HINT.

When you have finished with your "Mandy" and don't know what to do with it, here is a handy hint. Choose one story at a time and carefully cut out each picture. Mix them up and, hey presto, you have a new game for yourself to play on a rainy day. Try to put the pictures in the right order. Have a competition with your friends and see who can complete their jigsaw correctly in the shortest time.

A postal order goes to Stephanie Ralph, Hull.

MY PLIGHT.

Please help me—I am in despair.
I feel like tearing out my hair.
I read it thoroughly every week.
But when I'm finished, I feel quite bleak.
My great trouble is, you see,
"Mandy" is too short for me.

—Annette Walters, Ebbw Vale.

Never mind, Annette—perhaps a postal order will cheer you up.

TEA BREAK.

We were watching television one night, and saw the tea advert. come on. My Mum went to make a cup of tea. She came back to the darkened room carrying a tray, and tripped over the cat! The tray and cups crashed to the floor. Mum was feeling quite down-hearted at the prospect of having to buy a new tea-set, when my sister, who was down on her knees collecting the pieces, said—"Never mind! Get the glue and we'll join the teaset."

—Rosemary Anderson, Letham.

I hope your mum didn't shed too many TEArs, Rosemary.

POSTAL ADDRESS.

—Caroline Barber, nr. Cheddar.

Let's hope he doesn't get your postal order then, Caroline.

THE COURAGE OF LITTLE PEARL

LITTLE PEARL, a young Chinese orphan, was leading four nuns on the long road to Hong Kong. Pursued by Liberation Guards, who had the country in their power, they were now crossing the Forbidden Mountains from which few people had returned alive. With them was Wang Yee, a young boy.

WE KNOW WE MUST KEEP GOING SOUTH, BUT THERE IS NO SUN TO GUIDE US.

ON THE LEFT ARE THE UNATTAINABLE PEAKS AND ON THE RIGHT THE DESOLATE RANGE. WE MUST KEEP BETWEEN THEM, WHATEVER THE OBSTACLES.

Suddenly part of the rock gave way under Sister Brigid.

HELP!

SEE, HER ROBE HAS SAVED HER—IT HAS CAUGHT AMONG THE SHRUBS.

WE MUST FORM A CHAIN SO WE CAN RESCUE HER.

YOU, SISTER CLARE, HOLD ON TO THE DONKEY AND IT WILL BEAR OUR WEIGHT.

I AM SAVED. PRAISE BE TO GOD!

AND TO THIS DUMB CREATURE THROUGH WHOM HE WORKED.

Some way farther on—

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL WATERFALL!

MAYBE, BUT WE CAN NEITHER GO ON NOR CROSS OVER AND IF WE TURN BACK, WE FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE LIBERATION GUARDS!

Suddenly—

OH, THE POOR HARE! WE'VE FRIGHTENED IT TO ITS DEATH!

IT HAS PASSED BEHIND THE WATER. PERHAPS WE CAN FOLLOW IT.

The secret path.

LOOK, THERE IS ROOM FOR US, TOO!
BUT THE DONKEY WON'T FACE IT!
SISTER BRIGID, IS IT RIGHT TO PUT YOUR COIF UPON THE DONKEY'S HEAD?
GOD—AND THE HARE—HAVE SHOWN US THE WAY THROUGH THE CATARACT. TO CALM THE DONKEY THUS IS FULFILLING HIS PURPOSE.
WHAT A THUNDERING! SHALL WE EVER GET THROUGH?
OH, IT IS LIKE WAKING FROM A BAD DREAM!
AND LOOK, ALTHOUGH THE PATH IS STEEP, IT IS LESS DANGEROUS NOW.
The way led through even wilder scenery. Towards nightfall—
WE SHALL SPEND THE NIGHT WHERE THE DONKEY CAN GRAZE AND WE CAN GET A LITTLE SHELTER FROM THE WIND.
Encouraged by the Reverend Mother's faith, they went forward.
WHY, IT'S A HERMIT WITH HIS PRAYER-WHEEL!
Suddenly—
WHAT IS THAT STRANGE WAILING SOUND I AM HEARING? IT ISN'T THE WIND—OR ANY ANIMAL SOUND!
IT IS THE SPIRIT OF THE FORBIDDEN MOUNTAINS! WE ARE DOOMED!
NONSENSE, BOY! CHRISTIANS DON'T BELIEVE IN SUCH THINGS. REMEMBER THAT IN FUTURE.
WELCOME TO MY ABODE, SEEKERS AFTER THE TRUTH.
WE SHOULD INDEED BE GRATEFUL TO SHELTER HERE FOR THE NIGHT.
BUT OF WHAT RELIGION WOULD THE OLD MAN BE?
HE IS OF NO PARTICULAR RELIGION. HE PURSUES ONLY TRUTH. SEE HOW HAPPY HE IS TO DISCUSS HIS FINDINGS WITH REVEREND MOTHER.

Lost in the blizzard.

Next morning—

MAY GOD GO WITH YOU OVER THE HARDEST AND HIGHEST PART OF YOUR JOURNEY OVER THE EVERLASTING SNOWS.

Soon the travellers found another hazard—a blinding blizzard.

WE MUST KEEP GOING OR WE SHALL FREEZE TO DEATH. IF ONLY WE COULD TELL WHICH IS THE RIGHT WAY.

Much later—

STOP, STOP! WE HAVE LOST SISTER CLARE.

WE MUST GO BACK AND LOOK FOR HER TRACKS.

THERE ARE HER FOOTPRINTS, BUT THE SNOW IS FAST COVERING THEM. IF WE SEARCH FOR HER WE SHALL LOSE ONE ANOTHER.

SISTER MARIE, THE BANDAGES IN YOUR MEDICINE BOX.

Sister Marie produced the bandages.

STAY ALL TOGETHER AND I WILL BE ABLE TO FIND YOU AGAIN BY THIS.

I WILL TIE ON A NEW BANDAGE WHEN THIS ONE RUNS OUT.

At last Little Pearl found Sister Clare.

I CAN SEE NO MORE.

STAY STILL. I AM COMING FOR YOU, SISTER CLARE.

I HAD A VISION. I SAW THE WAY CLEAR DOWN THROUGH THE SNOWS, BUT NOW THE FLAKES HAVE BLINDED ME.

The snow suddenly stopped.

YOU WERE RIGHT. THERE IS THE WAY DOWN WE HAVE BEEN SEEKING. STAY HERE AND KEEP HOLD OF THE BANDAGE AND I WILL FETCH THE OTHERS.

THESE BANDAGES HAVE DONE GOOD WORK, BUT WE MAY HAVE OTHER NEED OF THEM.

WE'RE SAFELY OVER THE FORBIDDEN MOUNTAINS!

YES, BUT IT'S A LONG WAY YET TO HONG KONG WITH MANY DANGERS.

A terrible decision for Little Pearl—NEXT WEEK.

ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS
MERRY CHRISTMAS—SANTA'S BEEN!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, PATCH—DICK WHITTINGTON'S CAT WON'T HURT ANYONE EXCEPT KING RAT!
PEACE ON EARTH—THE VICAR SAID!
THAT'S IT, PATCH—BEST PAW FORWARD!
I WISH—I WISH I HAD ROOM FOR MORE!
YOU WANT SOME EXERCISE, PATCH? WHAT A HOPE!

Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. THOMSON & Co., Ltd.,
12 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.
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